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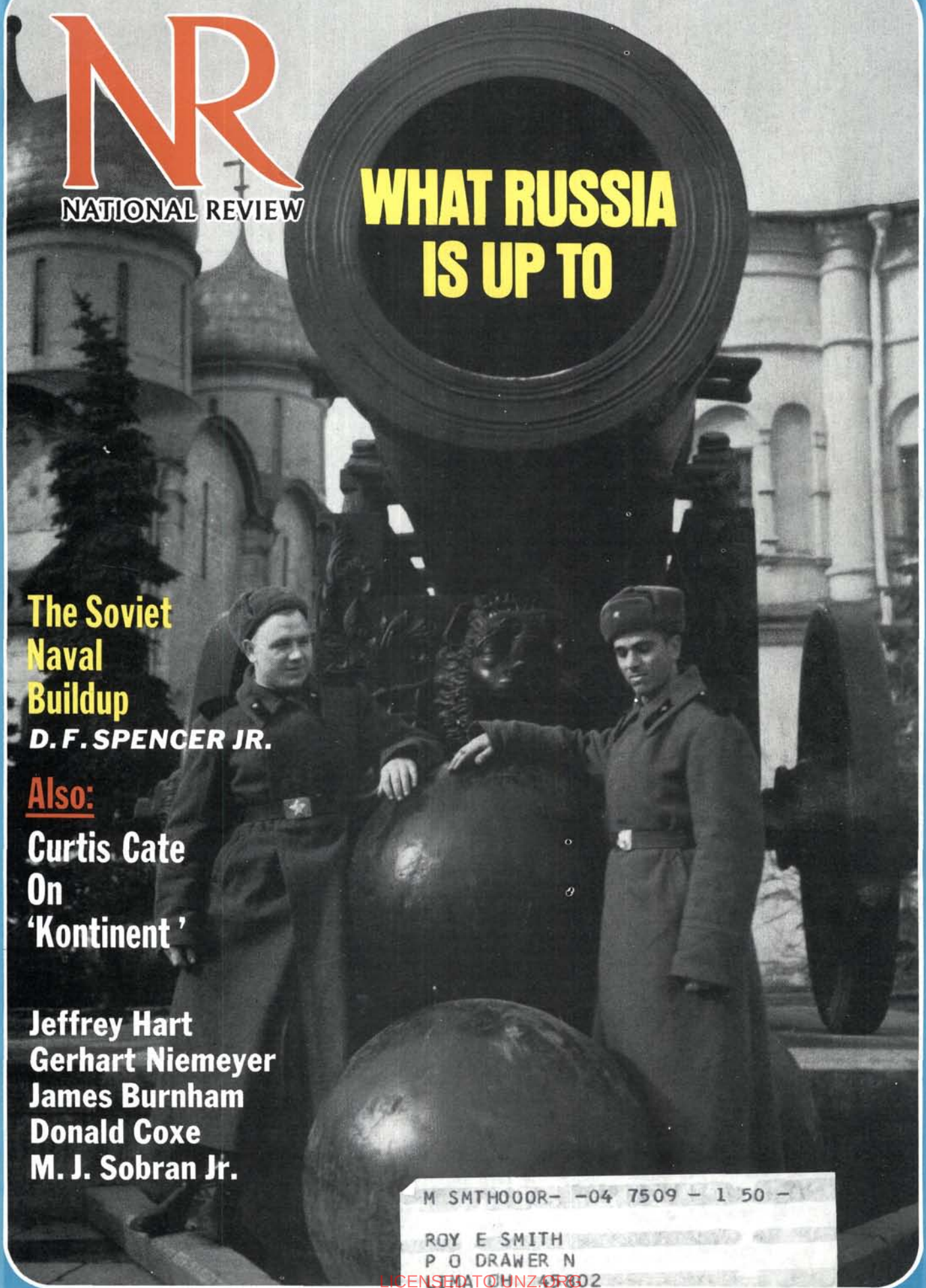
MAY 9, 1975

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

WHAT RUSSIA IS UP TO



The Soviet Naval Buildup
D. F. SPENCER JR.

Also:

Curtis Cate On 'Kontinent'

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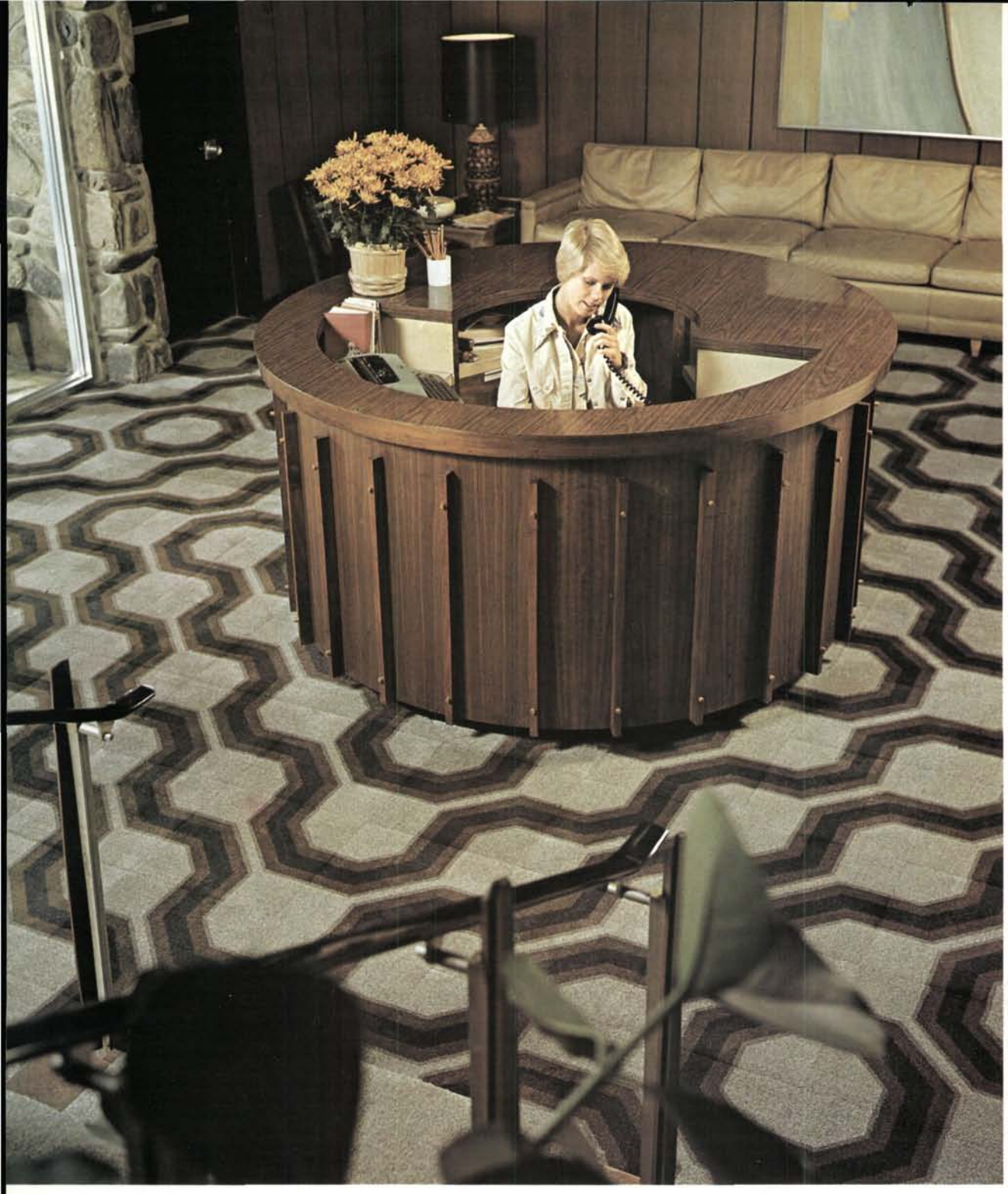

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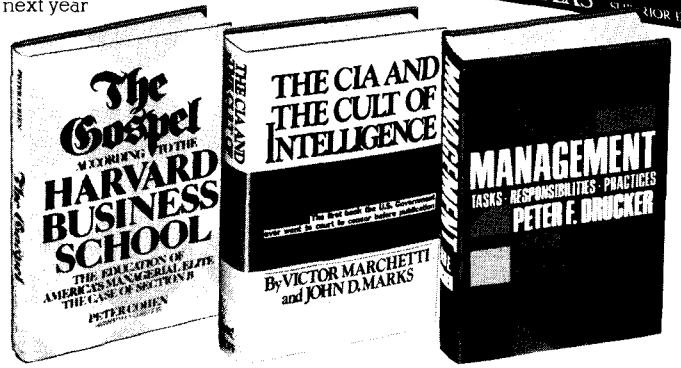
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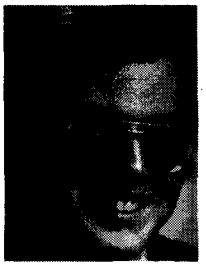

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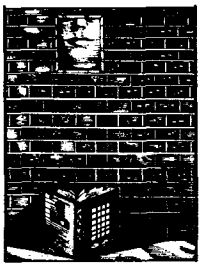

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas

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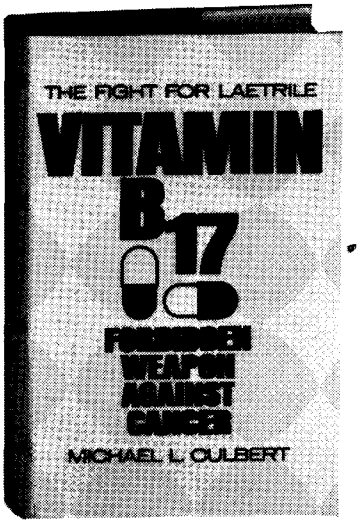
CANCER: if this is the cure, why won't the bureaucrats let us try it?

Vitamin B17 is the popular name for Laetrile, an extract of apricot pits. Doctors prescribe it, legally, in a score of other nations for treatment of cancer. In the U.S., thousands of Laetrile users claim benefits, often telling how they turned to it as a successful last resort after being diagnosed as terminally ill. Yet the American medical establishment—the National Cancer Institute, the Food and Drug Administration, the AMA, and state groups such as the California Department of Public Health—oppose even controlled tests on human beings. Why?

Mike Culbert, crusading editor of the *Berkeley Daily Gazette*, has penetrated the smokescreen of the medical establishment. He looks at the arguments pro and con, and concludes that there is no legitimate reason, based on existing evidence, why Laetrile should not be made legal for human use.



Most exciting of all is the potential of vitamin B17 in the *prevention* of cancer. Some research suggests that cancer is at root a vitamin deficiency disease, and that primitive peoples with more natural diets are virtually cancer-free. This raises the staggering possibility, says Culbert, that cancer may be as easily avoided through the natural consumption of vitamin B17 as scurvy is today through the intake of vitamin C.

Mike Culbert writes for the layman with little or no science background. But included as appendices for scientists and doctors are several research papers underlying the development of Laetrile and explaining its chemical action, together with a thorough discussion of the little-known and less-understood "unitarian" or "trophoblastic" thesis on which the early development of Laetrile was based.

CRUSADING NEWSMAN DARES TO CHALLENGE MEDICAL- INDUSTRIAL-GOVERNMENT POWER

- Cigarettes, viruses, chemicals, poisons, radiation, pollution: do they really cause cancer?
- Dr. Dean Burk charges National Cancer Institute (which he helped found) with the big lie
- "Hideous anomaly": abortion is legal, but the dying cancer patient is not free to try Laetrile
- Your diet: does it protect you against cancer?
- The role of religious faith in recovery
- Saved by vitamin B17: the wife of comedian Red Buttons. Other inspiring cases
- How medical bureaucrafts try to scare the public by talking about the cyanide in vitamin B17. The truth about cyanide—in foods you eat every day. Key member of National Cancer Institute defends Laetrile
- The vegetarian argument. What clue do the Eskimos give us?
- Why cancer victims should avoid television
- The "Laetrile team": they use B17 to *prevent* cancer. The menu
- Bureaucracy run wild: what it takes to get a drug licensed
- Diet for cancer victims
- The controversial role of Birch Society members in pro-Laetrile activities
- How concerned doctors get around the anti-Laetrile laws
- Can *thousands* of users of vitamin B17 be deluded into believing they are experiencing relief?
- Cancer's growing toll: 355,000 deaths a year (975 a day—one every one and a half minutes)
- Dangers of some "natural" diets
- Modern man's profound deviation from biological experience
- Is B17 also the answer to the dread Negro disease, sickle-cell anemia?
- Mysterious similarity: the beginnings of pregnancy and cancer
- Nearest source of legal Laetrile treatment
- The great apricot-pit scare
- Why people pray for a new cancer treatment: "In the United States cancer therapy consists of cutting, burning or poisoning. I did not feel I could afford to be decimated further as already each day for me was something of an ordeal"
- Vested-interests department: "If you bring in Laetrile you've eliminated the department of tissue pathology and therapeutic radiology, and will have made one hell of a dent in surgery"
- Foods rich in B17
- Progress with B17 in England, Belgium, Japan, Italy, the Philippines, West Germany
- Pro-Laetrile doctor zeroes in on the special interests: "It is far more profitable to look for a cancer cure than to find one"
- Man's first line of defense against cancer. Is sugar safe?
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Letters

Whose Nexus?

I found M. E. Bradford's "George Wallace and American Conservatives: The Nexus" [April 25] both enticing and disturbing. So much of what he says is right: that conservatives all over the country can agree on certain essential matters of economic and social policy; that the time to reverse the current trend may be short (as Britain demonstrates, a people can very quickly become inured to conditions that ought to lead them to rebellion). But I found his list of practical suggestions chilling in their tone ("It is enough, therefore, that . . . our coalition not be vengefully anti-Negro") and in their implications (that George Wallace should be the conservatives' candidate).

New York, N.Y. ANDREW LOWIN

Caveat

I was vastly amused by the item in your April 11 issue ["The Week"] on modern-Catholicism-gone-wild Lenten resolutions, but I don't think it was fair of you to dump on the poor pastor of that particular church in Silver Spring. Those instructions for a holier and zanier Lenten season were handed down by the Liturgical Commission for distribution to parishioners in parish bulletins all over the area. Most Catholics got them and were, depending on their dispositions, a) outraged or b) amused.

Bethesda, Md. MAUREEN CALLAHAN

"Jewish" Intellectuals

How can one account for the three worthies cited by Kevin Phillips in your editorial "Israel as an Issue" [March 28]? Professor Maxine Rodinson—a "Jewish intellectual" according to you and Phillips—is an old-time non-Jewish Jew, reeking with Stalinism until the early 1960s, and now generally identified with Maoist thinking. Professor Israel Shahak is identified with the Matzpen Marxist-Leninist-Trotskyist group, but he generally floats freely on the extreme Left. I. F. Stone is an independent leftist, anti-Soviet, but with a pan-Third World outlook which bodes no good for the Western world. His position on Israel at the moment is about the same as the public posture of the Arab governments in their demands for unilateral Israel *quid pro nil* concessions.

In the same issue (p. 317) you have served the public by exposing Ralph Schoenman. You should do the same for the three others.

Brooklyn, N.Y. ABRAHAM G. DUKER

Death and Deterrence

It is *not* true that conclusive evidence one way or the other regarding the death penalty's ability to deter is unobtainable ["Justice and Despair," Feb. 14]. There are at least three statistical studies which show significant deterrent effect from the death penalty. The most impressive is by Isaac Ehrlich, using time series data, but Karl Schuessler's classic article "The Deterrent Influence of the Death Penalty" and William Bailey's more recent article "Murder and the Death Penalty"—which use cross-sectional data drawn from periods twenty years apart and, hence, are quite independent—also show the same result. The latter two articles are particularly interesting because the authors both misinterpret their own numbers and allege that they have proved that the death penalty does *not* deter. In fact, the numbers they publish indicate that each execution prevents somewhere between twenty and fifty murders.

William Bowers, a longstanding opponent of the death penalty on the grounds that it "brutalizes society," has been attempting to get the opposite result by use of modern statistical methods. Since he has been working on it for over a year and still has not circulated a copy of his results, I deduce that he is finding this very difficult. Of course, it is not necessary to believe in the death penalty even if you accept the fact that it does deter murder. Ehrlich, as a matter of fact, is opposed to the death penalty.

Blacksburg, Va. GORDON TULLOCK

En Garde!

Barney Smith ["Letters," March 28] takes issue with my criticism of equating sugar with poliomyelitis, World War III, etc. The annual U.S. consumption of sugar has been about 100 pounds per capita for fifty years; it is higher in Australia, Denmark,

(Continues on page 486)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The first poll to show **Edward Kennedy** leading **Gerald Ford** (by seven points) in a presidential runoff also carries a cautionary note from pollster (and avowed Democrat) **Lou Harris**. Kennedy, he says, seems to "have a stronger backing when it looks as though he will not run. If he declares himself in the race some of his backing would ease off." . . . **Shirley MacLaine** would like to see Teddy run, but on a Democrat-Socialist ticket because "democracy and capitalism are contradictory terms." . . . A recent finding by Democratic pollster **Pat Caddell** indicates 35 per cent of Americans would vote for **George Wallace** in 1976—that's twice as many as were inclining toward Wallace at the same point in 1971. . . . Maverick conservative newspaper publisher **William Loeb** (the *Manchester Union Leader*) has switched from **Ronald Reagan** to Wallace because he says Reagan "lacks the charisma and conviction needed to win." Loeb finds the Republican Party "dead as a dodo," thinks Wallace will end up heading a third party of "dissatisfied Republicans, average people who are tired of being milked by corporate interests and the welfare system." . . . Rep. **John Anderson**, head of the Republican Conference, and a big pusher of the "loyalty oath" to Ford, was asked the other day if he would support Reagan if Reagan won the nomination. That, said party loyalist Anderson, would depend on Reagan's platform.

■ **George Meany**, already seriously displeased with **Henry Jackson**, reportedly blew his top when he heard Jackson tell an early morning TV news show that emergency funds for Vietnam should be restricted to the evacuation of Americans. Big Labor, which is anti-Communist, takes this for another indication of Scoop's galloping dove-itis. . . . **Barry Goldwater** puts it on the line: if he had been elected President in 1964 instead

Punch Rothco

"Looks like we're still in with the Saudis —a couple of ringsides for the beheading."

of **Johnson**, he says, the war would have been won in a month. "President Johnson ordered these people into combat," he told CBS, "then he ordered them not to win." . . . New York Democrat **Edward Pattison**, Class of '74, traveled to Paris with the peace delegation a fortnight ago, conferred with Vietcong and North Vietnamese officials there, and reports back that only 10 per cent of the people of South Vietnam and Cambodia supported the **Thieu** or **Lon Nol** regimes. . . . Fast action—three ships of the United States Lines, under charter to the government, managed to evacuate 54,000 refugees from **Danang** a fortnight ago.

■ On the Right: Just out, *Conservative Digest*, **Richard Viguerie**'s new publication. Viguerie, the most successful direct mail man on the Right, is now handling the George Wallace account. In the first issue, Ronald Reagan calls for the formation of a "new second party" that "instead of trying to figure out how to keep a **Pete McCloskey** or a **Lowell Weicker** in . . . would let them go elsewhere." . . . **Howard Phillips**—he went a good way toward dismembering the OEO in the **Nixon** Administration—is organizing a Conservative Caucus which he hopes to make into a functioning conservative organization on the congressional district level. Among its supporters: Gov. **Meldrim Thomson** of New Hampshire, Sen. **Carl Curtis** (Neb.), former GOP Rep. **Ben Blackburn** (Ga.), Dean **Clarence Manion**, **Max Rafferty**. Phillips and Viguerie —who are working pretty much in tandem—believe a Wallace-Reagan or Reagan-Wallace ticket could win next year. . . . And just ahead—early June publication date—**William A. Rusher**'s hardcover, *The Making of the New Majority Party*.

■ In Portugal: **Catholic priests** and the Catholic bishops urged their parishioners from the pulpit not to vote for Communist or "atheistic parties" in the April 25 election. It is the only way, said the bishops, for the people "to show what they really think about the shape of the society being built in Portugal." . . . The **Portuguese Revolutionary Council** meanwhile has threatened reprisals against businessmen who encourage their workers to ask for higher wages just as the state is about to take over. Such men are "guilty of economic sabotage," the old Communist term. . . . In Oporto, the first strike in the **wine industry** (which sells mostly to Britain) in 55 years was called off when the unions agreed to *drop* their demand for nationalization.

■ Bureaucrats will be bureaucrats: Investigators of a **C-5A crash** near Saigon are commuting daily from Clark Air Force Base in Manila because, reports *Aviation Week*, "the U.S. has decided that an overnight stay might be construed as violating the 1973 Paris Peace agreement which prohibits introduction of foreign military personnel into South Vietnam."

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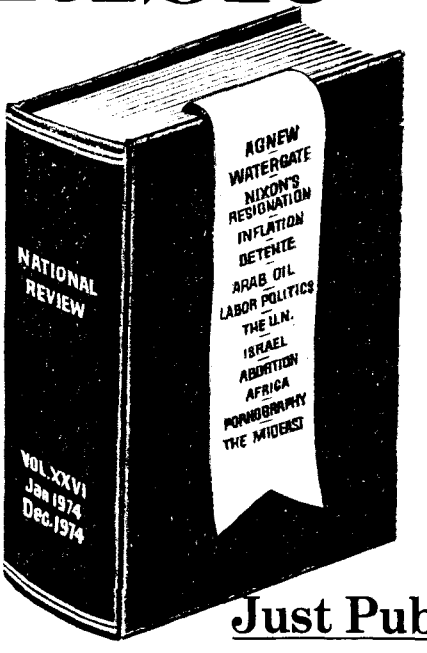

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 482)

Canada, and Britain. It tends to move upward with income until a level of about 100 pounds is reached.

Smith says "obesity kills"—a dramatic but perhaps a useful half-truth. Obesity lowers life expectancy, and results from overconsumption of high caloric foods. Smith misquotes me when he alleges that I spoke for "we nutritionists" [*sic*]. Quite the contrary, I said that "we nutritionists" would weigh *NR*'s quantification of lives saved by nuclear deterrence against sugar. Poetic license is no substitute for quantification when it comes to making comparisons. Smith asks if there is one competent nutritionist who agrees with me. There is no way of knowing until the mortality data are supplied.

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

Phi Bete

It grieves me that your journal could print an editorial so lacking in logic, not to mention evidence of the simplest kind of research, as that entitled "Democratizing Phi Bete" [Feb. 14]. The writer jumps from his accumulation of statistics about grade inflation in higher education —e.g., "At Yale, during the spring term last year, 42 per cent of all undergraduate grades were As or Bs"—to the assumption that "you don't have to be much of a student to make Phi Bete . . ."

Election to Phi Beta Kappa does not come automatically with a certain grade average. Although academic achievement is important, the candidate for election is carefully judged by a committee that is also concerned with other criteria and that is limited to recommending a very small percentage of the students in a given class.

I am by no means complacent about grade inflation; but I know that Phi Beta Kappa standards are being maintained and I would have been glad to provide evidence of that fact if the writer had gone to the trouble of inquiring.

Washington, D.C. KENNETH M. GREENE
Secretary
Phi Beta Kappa

As a freshman undergraduate at one of "our leading 'educational' institutions," I feel obliged to reply to your editorial "Democratizing Phi Bete." Students face a serious problem if the college they attend retains high academic standards. At the University of Chicago, we don't have this disgraceful nonsense of grading standards more appropriate to a school for slow learners than to a distinguished university. The overall grade point average for undergraduates here is roughly 2.8. The result of the decline in grading standards elsewhere has put University of Chicago students at a distinct disadvantage when applying to graduate schools, because graduate schools can't usually tell

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the difference. In that light, it becomes clearer why students clamor for easier grading: so they can compete with the students (for lack of a better name) from the hack schools (also for lack of a better name). It's very much like applying the Domino Theory to academia.

Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM SJOSTROM

Bradford Replies

Despite Harry V. Jaffa's attempts to read my mind ["Debate," March 28], in my response to *Time on the Cross* I advance no general theory of the War between the States. As is clear to anyone who has examined my published opinions, I would never describe that conflict as an "abolitionist crusade of the North against the South." No such attribution of moral purpose to what was in essence a grab for power would ever occur to me. What I suggest, *through* the evidence of Fogel and Engerman, is that atrocity stories concerning Negro life under the slave system made it possible for Northern politicians to avoid offending the prejudice of their voting neighbors and still assume an air of moral superiority.

I do not resist when Professor Jaffa congratulates himself for having argued years ago that the "peculiar institution" of slavery was economically viable when destroyed. But Fogel and Engerman do not, as Jaffa believes, confirm his theory that slavery was about to spread all over the continent. As no less a slaver than Jefferson Davis himself said in Portland, Maine in 1859, the hostility of the people in any self-governing community to an institution dependent upon them for "laws and police regulations" will "practically debar its existence."

On other objections I will be selective and brief:

1. The apposition in brackets for "we" in Jaffa's first sentence is not justified by my text. In truth, most Southerners of the last two generations have been raised to believe that slavery and the Confederacy were tactical mistakes. Many might be even more severe. But despite such "disloyalties" these same Southerners would, in all likelihood, have access to and confidence in an inherited or prescriptive memory of slavery as an operative fact: a memory which belies the conventional accounts of the popular historians. Such was my point.

2. Fogel and Engerman do "redeem" Southern slavery from a good deal of the reproach to which it has usually been subjected—especially in their images of the undemoralized, productive, self-respecting, and self-improving life of many bondsmen.

3. Lincoln's remarks in the epigraph contain a logical fallacy. What was "good" for an already enslaved savage might not profit a free citizen of Illinois. Besides, the point in question is what slavery was like, not whether it was wise to try it in the first place.

Irving, Tex. M. E. BRADFORD

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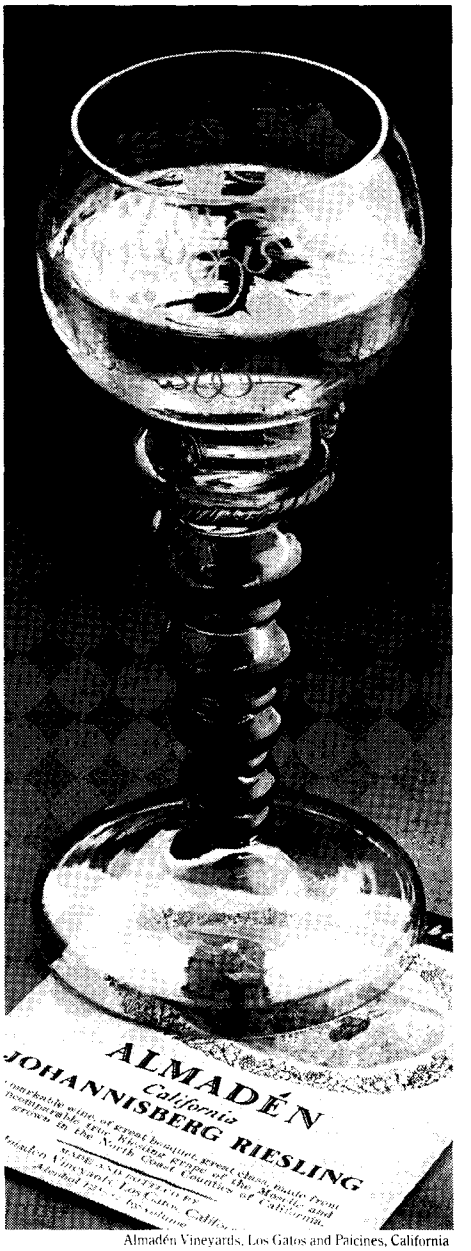

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THE WEEK

■ After accepting his country's sincere draft and arranging appropriate severance for the former jobholders, Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia paused to reflect on the Meaning of It All: the United States, he said, has the biggest, richest, cruelest, and most insolent government ever. On this side of the water, meanwhile, Mr. Bill Walton, a Trail Blazer in name only, was moved by other circumstances to voice roughly the same opinion; which evoked some adverse comment including the suggestion that he be traded for Euell Gibbons and a six-pack of carrot juice. Yet another witness was heard to the same effect during the week. Senator Barry Goldwater, in a newspaper interview, said the growing power of government could be the issue that makes the Republican Party disappear to be replaced by a new party. Thus we have the Devil, the Devil's convert, and the Devil's opponent all testifying that absolutist government is America's central problem today, as it was in 1776.

■ The Equal Rights Amendment will not upset the Constitution in 1975, having been voted down by the North Carolina legislature. Actually, the Amendment's language seems innocuous enough: "Equality of rights under law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." But the succession of defeats it has encountered lately suggests that Americans are deeply suspicious of it as yet another elastic clause with which liberals and radicals may strain the fabric of customary American life—as some proponents of the Amendment explicitly mean to do. The main reason for opposing any such profound change as a new constitutional "right" is not that it is not a right, but that we have gotten along pretty well without making a big constitutional point of it. We can't be sure we'd get along as well *with* it.

■ Two years ago the American Indian Movement, under the direction of Russell Means, Chief, occupied Wounded Knee for 71 days to tell the world about the new Indian Consciousness. Here's the message they've delivered since that time: rampant hatred, economic corruption, fraudulent elections, threats of annihilation, cries of fascism, familial strife, brother against brother, full-bloods against mixed-bloods, constant fear, burnings, gunfire, a throat stabbing, a hammer bludgeoning, a tomahawking, a total of six killed and 67 assaulted—what you might call "betrayal by the white man." But one white man stands by: when Russell Means, Chief (who continues to say the occupation gave the Indians a new sense of pride), was jailed on charges involving murder, bail was posted for the good chief by a proud Marlon Brando.

■ The nation may yet uncover the truth about Chappaquiddick. George Wallace's campaign has achieved a gentle momentum that is giving some Democrats apoplexy. Wallace is the only candidate so far who, by raising $100,000 in small contributions ($5,000 from each of twenty states in amounts no larger than $250), has qualified under the new campaign financing law to have the Federal Government match contributions of $250 or less up to a preconvention total of $10 million. One response of the Democrats in states where they control the legislature has been to consider canceling the primaries in order to avert probable Wallace victories in them. New Mexico has already done it. Michigan and North Carolina are now considering it. As is Maryland—for the second time. Its primary was abolished in 1968 after Wallace's 1964 performance. Another response is to hope and hope and hope that Teddy Kennedy can be persuaded to reconsider his Shermanesque statement. Kennedy leads in the polls and, other than Wallace, is the only Democrat with any real popularity. With so much consumer demand, how, the theory goes, can the product resist? Part of the answer may be a reluctance, even greater than the demand, to answer the question likely to be posed by newsmen in every hamlet, village, and farm during the Bicentennial: Senator, will you tell us what really happened at Chappaquiddick?

■ Thousands of schoolchildren are now receiving, free (a code word for all things financed at the expense of the unwitting), the *New York Times School Weekly*. It includes what, oh, Tom Wicker might call highlights of a week's issues of the *Times*, plus a page of cartoons—not Snoopy and Alley Oop, but Herblock, Conrad, Fischetti, Mauldin, wits of that temper. It's all written in that dreary, progressive, above-the-battle style of the grownup edition, only dumber, so the kids can understand it. A recent issue had articles on Vietnam refugees, carefully pointing out that war is hell; the 1976 presidential race;

Project Independence and All That

In Beulah, North Dakota, coal
Is there if you can dig a hole;
However, stripping's been delayed
Because the company's afraid.
You see, to sell the coal *en masse*,
They liquefy it first to gas,
Then pipe the product miles away:
The worry is, would all this pay?
Four bucks per thousand cubic feet
Is what they'd need *just to compete*;
Right now, gas costs a dollar twenty.
With Congress mad, I'd worry plenty.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Does he look familiar, that gentleman bouncing gently on the springboard? That's former Texas Governor, former Secretary of the Treasury, former indictee John Connally. A small but enthusiastic crowd was on hand at the Houston airport when he returned, acquitted in Washington of charges that he accepted a $10,000 bribe in connection with a Nixon Administration decision in 1971 concerning milk price supports. Those who know him know he is hankering to plunge again into politics. It is now clear that the big winner from Connally's decision to switch to the Republican Party is . . . Senator Henry Jackson. Today Jackson is the preferred candidate of the more conservative Democrats. But Jackson, who does not sparkle, would be hard pressed to compete with the Connally sparkle if Connally had remained a Democrat. As a Republican, Connally is firmly outflanked on the right by Ronald Reagan. And although being acquitted beats being convicted, being indicted is not a plus.

■ *NR* contributor Lou Harris, the pollster, says: "Former California Governor Ronald Reagan could destroy President Ford's chances of winning the presidential election in 1976, if Reagan leaves the Republican Party and runs on a conservative ticket . . . he could receive as much as 21 per cent of the vote. . . ." Harris and Gallup appear to be polling pretty much the same public (*vide* "Capitol Issues"). In a two-man trial heat against a man on a white horse (Edmund Muskie), Ford ties 45 to 45, with 10 per cent jumping off tall buildings. But in a Ford-Reagan-Muskie trial heat, Muskie wins with 39 per cent of the vote, Ford gets 29 per cent, Reagan 21 per cent, 11 per cent jumping.

■ The headline of the week was in the *Washington Star*: "Fervor Lacking at GOP Dinner." Yeah, but you shoulda seen it last year, when whatshisname was having problems with whatsitsgate. This year's $1,000-a-plate fundraiser raised about $600,000, which is low by pre-whatsitsgate standards ($1.5 million was possible then), but every little bit helps. At last year's dinner $300,000 was raised.

■ Television is awash with "awards" ceremonies (Academy, Tony, Woman of the Year, etc.), and now comes Senator William Proxmire with his Gold Fleece Award for the month of April. This is an award for the biggest waste of taxpayers' money. The award goes to three of Prox's old favorites, the National Science Foundation, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and the Office of Naval Research. They spent almost $500,000 over seven years to study the conditions that cause rats, monkeys, and humans to clench their jaws. Says Prox: "From these findings of these studies it is clear that the government paid half a million dollars to find out that anger, stopping smoking, and loud noises produce jaw clenching in people." He reports that a doctor in Kalamazoo spent 100,000 of your dollars and then reported that "people get angry when they feel cheated and tend to clench their jaws or even scream and kick." Kind of makes you want to clench, scream, and kick.

■ The bad economic news is that the nation's Gross National Product declined 10.4 per cent in the first quarter of 1975, the steepest three-month drop since the rude outbreak of peace in 1946. The good news is that Senator Edmund Muskie (D., Maine), chairman of the new Senate Budget Committee, has earned the reputation as closet conservative by popping out of the closet long enough to say that he hopes the fiscal year 1976 budget deficit will be only $70 billion.

■ CAPITOL BRIEFS: Senator Gary Hart (D., Colo.) has published his tax returns. The U.S. Treasury owes him a refund of $3.25. His earnings for 1974, when he was a professional campaigner (successfully challenging Republican incumbent Peter Dominick), were $5,336.55. Most of his income was from speeches and compensation from campaign committees. The only "wages" listed on his 1040 form were $16.26, which, according to disgruntled Dominick supporters, is about the wages for a year of Hart. . . . The cozy Republican contingent in the House of Representatives will be a bit smaller for a few months. Representative George V. Hansen of Idaho has been sentenced to two months in jail in connection with misdemeanor violations of the federal campaign laws. In the 1974 Idaho primary, he failed to file one required report and filed another incomplete report regarding campaign receipts. Hansen is the third sitting congressman since World War II to admit to a criminal act. . . . Senator Edward Brooke (R., Mass.) has trained a skeptical Massachusetts eye on the unraveling situation in Lisbon. Returning to Washington, a grim Brooke announced that he is indeed worried . . . about a U.S. "overreaction" to the Portuguese reformers who, he says, want mere socialism, not Communism.

—CATO

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food, hunger, and nutrition; the 1925 Scopes trial (important lesson here, kids); the Domino Theory (by James Reston); and, for ideological balance, William Safire on Boston and busing (reason and compromise, everybody). There was also a supplement: "The Women of Today." Lest you think it gave the impression there is only one side to take in Women's Lib matters, it had a picture of a typical representative of the other point of view: a lone male picketer bearing signs and buttons with legends like "We want wives who obey."

■ CC TO TOM HAYDEN: "Over the past few months," writes Elizabeth Becker in the *Washington Post*, "the embassies of South Vietnam and Cambodia have received thousands of offers from American men volunteering to fight in Southeast Asia. These requests, in fact, far exceed requests from families to adopt orphaned children, according to embassy officials." Bart S. Bonner, a 34-year-old ex-Marine, has formed a group called Veterans and Volunteers for Vietnam whose headquarters are in Washington. Although the group has received little publicity, in recent days its ranks have been increasing by 100 men a day.

■ "I personally am opposed to abortion," said Teddy Kennedy, even as he led Senate opposition to the Bart-

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Bicentennial Doings

Listen my children, if I should perch
On the belfry tower of Old North Church
And sound the alarm à la Paul Revere,
Hardly a man would turn to hear—
Except, perhaps, where the Irish cuss
The Kennedy clan and the goddam bus.

W. H. VON DREELE

lett Amendment, which would have prohibited the use of federal funds to finance abortion. So now we know which side Teddy is on: both. He ("personally") thinks abortion is the killing of the innocent, but he is (impersonally?) willing to put up the money for it. Rumor has it he is writing a book about his own (personal) political heroes: *Profiles in Prudence.*

■ Although the American press did a splendid job of convincing itself that the Domino Theory was obsolete, somebody forgot to tell the Communists in Laos and Thailand. No sooner had peace arrived in Cambodia than reports started coming in about strains in the Laotian coalition and hostilities in Thailand. The defense minister of Laos recently said that about 50,000 North Vietnamese troops are stationed in his country. As for Thailand, government troops there recently suffered one of their worst defeats in 15 years at the hands of Communist rebels. The U.S. press, for its part, has already begun the Vietnamization of Thailand. From the April 23 *Washington Post*: "Thailand is as ripe as a country can be for a full-fledged insurrection. With strikingly rare exceptions, top political, military, and police officials are thoroughly corrupt."

■ Vessels of the Soviet fleet have been sighted throughout the Western Pacific. A Soviet squadron was seen south of Iceland. At least fifty Soviet vessels were seen in the waters from the Norwegian sea to the Atlantic west of Ireland. The squadron that passed the northernmost tip of Norway included merchant ships, which the Soviets use for transporting their marines—a datum that must have comforted the Norwegians. In his article on page 500, D. F. Spencer Jr. notes that the U.S. press has never paid much attention to the significance that the expansion of the Soviet navy from a coastal defense to a global force has for the U.S. military position. During the current Soviet exercises, although they are the largest Moscow has ever undertaken, the U.S. press has remained true to form.

■ THE WAY WE ARE: At Princeton University, the Gay Alliance has scheduled its third dance since Christmas. The festivities will take place in the New South Administration Building.

■ Among the few serious problems Congress has neglected this session was the failure of three contestants in a butter-bean-eating contest in Soddy-Daisy, Tennessee "to keep their beans down," as an official put it, to the dismay of local environmentalists. Mr. Grover Collins, a truck driver, won the contest by gobbling six pounds of butter beans in 37 minutes, to get a trophy, a tee shirt, and forty pounds of beans.

■ THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE SHOOT IF YOU MUST AWARD OF THE WEEK to Robert Reinhold of the *New York Times* for the following report on Tom Hayden, 35, peace activist: " 'I never thought the war was going to end, except for now—it's all over,' said Tom Hayden, his black hair a little grey after a decade of bitter struggle against American policy."

■ It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Radicotropic attorney William Kunstler, fresh from his defeat in the Attica trial, was telling students at Vanderbilt University, "American students have no spirit left," when a young man came up on stage, plastered Kunstler with a chocolate cream pie, and escaped to freedom, leaving a pie-eyed Kunstler spluttering behind him.

■ You may wish to take heed of an urgent warning from the U.S. Consumer Products Safety Commission that imported sandals made from water buffalo hides can irritate your feet.

■ "I am an admirer of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas."—Garry Wills. *Rake's Progress*, Plate 12.

Welcome

Winning a war is often bad enough, but losing a war is always an agony. The resignation of President Nguyen Van Thieu signified the opening of the final chapter in the defeat of South Vietnam, and therefore of Vietnam's ally, the United States. There is no way that this chapter can make comfortable reading for the losers.

Only a few Americans are going to confront directly —on this occasion, at any rate—the Communist commissars and executioners that our allies will be facing. But we are not yet going to be able to close the file. Even if we judge that any further fighting by the South Vietnamese is useless, the decision on that point now belongs to the South Vietnamese soldiers. If they or any part of them prefer to continue fighting their enemy rather than surrendering to him, then it is our minimum duty to continue to find some way to supply them with the weapons and ammunition to do so.

We have got to get our own citizens out before they are massacred or imprisoned: this is not in dispute. And there is a perhaps surprising breadth of agreement on our obligation to give refuge to those South Vietnamese who are in special and immediate danger from the North Vietnamese Communist conquest. (The authoritative *Intelligence Digest* estimates that current Communist plans would result in approximately a half-million deaths.)

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One Man's View

There is going to be a great revulsion in this country against our going in there and not winning that war. The people of this country are going to remember the politicians who were intimidated by the loud noisemakers in the streets.

This is an emotional thing. The people can't stomach a government that wasted all that money and all those lives for no purpose. They supported their government because they're patriotic Americans, but if we weren't going to win it, we should never have gone in.

We ought to have bombed them out of existence up in North Vietnam. People say that would be barbaric, but if we had done it when some of us first said it, it wouldn't have cost one-tenth or one-fifteenth the lives that have been lost—and we would have won.

We should have bombed them into submission, or we shouldn't have gone in there in the first place.

I knew Communists would never keep the Paris Accords. They're liars and cheats and anyone who thinks you can detente with them without being able to look them in the eye because they know you've got the strength and will use it—they're crazy.

Fellows like LeMay that they called Hawks, they're the real Doves. LeMay would have ended that war. The real warmongers are those who cut the heart out of our defense for all these social welfare programs. And those who said, "Oh, no, you mustn't carry the war to them" —they're the ones who are going to have to answer for this.

Don't write that I'm advocating nuclear war, 'cause I'm not. I'm not calling for any Cold War either, but the American people are getting tired of hearing that every regime that fights the Communists is corrupt. The real corruption is Communism, 'cause that's what destroys freedom. I'd rather put up with a little money corruption than have to live my whole life in a straitjacket.

—Quoted from a statement by George Wallace, published in the Vermont Sunday News, *April 13, 1975.*

The genuine humanitarian sentiment, which in many liberals underlies their distorted political ideology, combines with what many conservatives feel to be the demands of duty and honor to strengthen that obligation. It is recognized in a notable article written for the *Washington Post*'s Op Ed page by Neil Sheehan—the antiwar writer who was put in charge of the *New York Times*' massive operation on and with the Pentagon Papers—as by NATIONAL REVIEW. "The abandonment of those Vietnamese whose lives or well-being are certain to be endangered by the Communist victory in the South," Sheehan writes, would be "an act of betrayal. . . . The United States has a profound moral commitment to Vietnamese who placed themselves and their families in jeopardy by taking the American side."

Everyone understands that there are exceedingly difficult practical problems in a mass exodus. These have been made more acute by the rapidity of the collapse that began with the ARVN withdrawal from the Central Highlands. Nevertheless, practical problems can usually be solved if the will to solve them is firm enough. There are successful precedents for this transfer in the recent history of both Indochina and the United States. In connection with the French withdrawal from Indochina in 1954, a million or more inhabitants of North Vietnam, rejecting life under Communist rule, went to live in South Vietnam. After the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956, we gave refuge to 40,000 Hungarians who chose freedom. And we welcomed 675,000 Cubans who did not want life under Fidel Castro.

Both the 1954 Indochinese and the 1960s Cuban exodus were carried out, for the most part, with the agreement of the governments on both sides. Unlikely as such agreement might at the moment seem in the present instance, it is not inconceivable, if our government can get a number of other governments—including specifically the Soviet Union and France—to put pressure on Hanoi. If agreement proves impossible, this does not remove our obligation. It will still be our duty to aid by any feasible means those South Vietnamese who have legitimate reason to want to get out, and to welcome them to live with us or, if they prefer, in other countries of the free world that may join us in opening their doors.

Nor should this duty be thought of only as a burden. Our country is the better for those 675,000 Cubans and 40,000 Hungarians—and for all the others who have come to our shores in search of a freer, better, and fuller life than had been possible for them in their native lands —who *are*, indeed, "the American people." There would be some misfits and plain crooks in a large group of refugees, but the greater part of them would be men and women who have proved their solidarity with us and proved, more profoundly than most of us, perhaps, their commitment to freedom.

The Establishment Pardons Jerry

If you are an experienced Establishmentologist, you don't have to be a weatherman to tell which way the wind is blowing. First, James Reston shows up, Valentine in hand: "Nobody's Mad at Jerry" (*New York Times*, March 9). Ford "invites his critics to the White House to have a drink and talk it over." He has, "unlike Nixon, kept in touch with his opposition." "His personality and character are more important than his intelligence. He

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has been around here just long enough and is just shrewd enough to know that nobody else has the answers either . . . Often he may be wrong, but his strength is that he is honest, and after the last few years in Washington this is a big change."

Then, second key signal for the Establishmentologist: Walter Cronkite conducts a respectful televised interview with Ford, the questions served up to show the President to advantage. Effortlessly Ford hits them over the fence, pak, pak, pak, like Hank Aaron in batting practice.

And almost simultaneously Big Bertha weighs in. The Sunday *New York Times Magazine* devotes an entire issue (April 20) to novelist/liberal John Hersey's lengthy account of a week he shared in the life of Gerald Ford. Favorable, very favorable, with just a few touches of chiaroscuro here and there, for credibility, and the better to set off the bright areas of the canvas.

"The President walks from the East Room along the brilliant red carpet of the cross hall, past the flags, past the aggressive Houdon bust of Joel Barlow, under the twinkling Adam chandeliers . . . past notables and bureaucrats and toadies, breasting all the pomp with his brisk stride, which is loose-haunched and shoulder-floating, like that of a fettlesome quarterhorse." "Suddenly the President leans forward, and with a vigor far surpassing any I have previously seen him show, his voice rising almost to a shout, his forefinger pounding the edge of the desk, he adjures the Secretary to get the Navy going on the Elk Hills petroleum reserve." "Miss America looks flustered and puzzled. The President realizes why, before anyone else in the room does, possibly even before Miss America herself. 'Hey,' he says. 'Better not leave your purse, Shirley. We've got some real bad characters around here.' " "Come to think of it, everyone I have seen today has been calm. And the center of the calm, its essence and source, has obviously been the President."

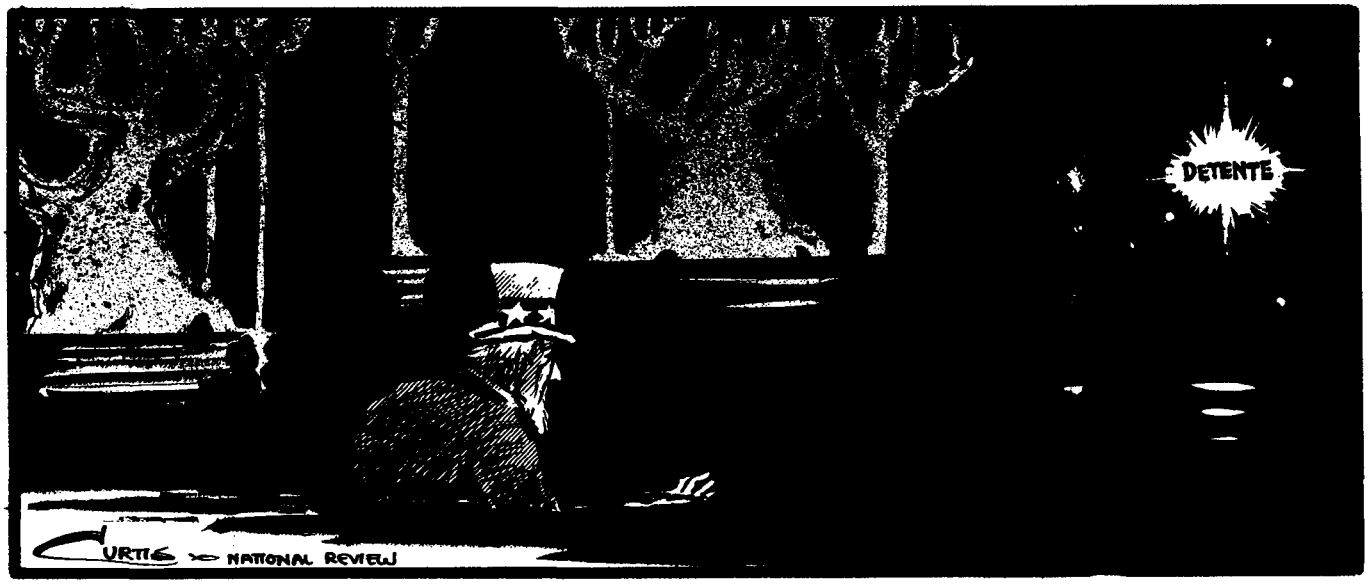
Then, here and there, those patches of chiaroscuro, lightly shaded in: Representative Ford "was the second most faithful to Nixon of all the 435 members of Congress." "[Ford:] 'I'm adaptable, I guess.' Now I wonder, how adaptable? In form or in substance? In ways of working or the set of the mind?" The "Notre Dame speech—into which, in the long run, the old domino theory makes its weary way." The occasional "hard sound in his voice." Minimum stuff.

And, at the end, the novelist's embrace: at Burning Tree "Gerald Ford's huge tee shot takes off for Atlanta, Georgia, but the ball has a mind of its own and in midair veers left toward Charleston, South Carolina; on the way there, however, it hits a tall tree and, with distinctly Presidential luck, bounces out to a splendid lie in the left rough. There, with a No. 2 wood, the President connects so hard that one is forced to wonder what that small sphere stands for in his mind. The ball rises and rises and flies as straight and true as Air Force 1 nonstop to the green, to within 10 feet of the pin. The President cups his hands around his mouth and exultantly shouts to his partner across the fairway: 'Hey, Bill, is that where I'm supposed to put it?' "

Ahem, the prose goes a little gooey there, but Hersey is no Hemingway. In any case, experienced Establishmentologists have no trouble in reaching the following conclusion. From the standpoint of Reston, Cronkite, and the *Times*, Jerry Ford is no threat at all.

The Court Faces Death

Once again the Supreme Court is considering the death penalty. Has it become cruel and unusual, in the meaning of the Eighth Amendment? Does it deter? Is it just? Is it imposed in a discriminatory fashion? Not all the questions are new, though the argument must now be conducted within the framework of the Court's 1972 decision, which ruled that the broad discretion with which capital punishment has been applied made the death penalty unconstitutional.



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The Supreme Court of North Carolina, where the case currently under consideration arose, ruled that the effect of the 1972 decision was to change North Carolina's discretionary into a mandatory death penalty law. There can still be discretion, opponents of the penalty claim, even where the penalty is mandatory under the law. The prosecution can plea-bargain and bring a lesser charge, and the governor can exercise executive clemency. But the Supreme Court didn't object to that in 1972, and it need not be assumed that it will now.

In an age in which man's inhumanity to man shows no signs of decay on the individual or national scene, it seems odd to argue that the death penalty is cruel or unusual (and it must be both to be proscribed by the Eighth Amendment). That the death penalty deters is inherently plausible and, though difficult to prove, the proposition is supported by a growing body of evidence. In New York State since the repeal of capital punishment, the proportion of murders committed by strangers —i.e., killings that are not crimes of passion by one acquaintance against another—has risen from one-fifth to one-half. And even if the deterrent effect were only speculative, it seems more reasonable, if error is to be made, to take the life of the guilty man on the chance of sparing the life of an innocent man by deterring his prospective killer, than to risk the innocent life for the sake of preserving the guilty. But in the end the issue is really one of justice. For some crimes death is the only appropriate penalty that should be meted out by a society that is serious about its own nature and survival.

Let's Keep Food Prices High

Two years ago, congressional Democrats were talking about a price rollback for farm products. Now, both Houses have voted to put a high floor under farm prices. The level for wheat targets is to be raised from $2.05 to $3.10 a bushel, with taxpayers making up the difference if the price falls below the new minimum. The Russians, it may be recalled, paid about half the new support price for wheat as recently as 1972, thanks to our export subsidies. Dairy price supports are to go up too (who needs John Connally when you have the McGovern Congress?), as well as the supports under corn and cotton.

"Mr. Butz," writes the *Christian Science Monitor*, "with his characteristic primitive agricultural free marketism, thinks farmers should take the same knocks from the recession as everyone else." The *Monitor* evidently thinks otherwise—that everyone else should pay higher taxes and prices to make sure that sharp jumps in farm prices are never followed by sharp declines. There are 17 major farm subsidies—cash, in-kind, and special credit terms. Together they add about $5 billion to the nation's tax bill, in normal years, and another $5 billion or so to food prices. A Brookings Institution study by Charles Schultze found that the wealthiest 7.1 per cent of all farms got 40.3 per cent of the subsidies, while the poorest 50.8 per cent of all farms got only 9.1 per cen of the subsidies. The poorer farmers probably paid, ir taxes and higher prices, more for the farm subsidy programs than they got.

The price of farmland has been bid up to reflect these big subsidies to big landowners, thereby pricing aspiring small farmers out of the market for land. How can you outbid a big farmer for land when he is bidding with taxpayers' money? Special 1969 tax provisions, like those allowing farm losses to be offset against nonfarm income, have encouraged corporate farming even more. Those who defend existing farm legislation as help for the small family farm either don't know what they are talking about, or don't want others to know.

Mideast Sarajevo?

Not widely reported in the U.S. press was the official decision made by the Israeli government to establish nine new Israeli towns on Arab territory occupied during the 1967 war. The towns will be located in the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights, and in the territory of the West Bank.

Both the substance and the timing of this announcement are important. The new "permanent" Israeli towns are to be located in precisely those areas that are the supposed subject of negotiations aimed at a Middle East settlement. The new towns will bring to 29 the number established by the Israelis on land assumed to be the subject of negotiations, first through Secretary of State Kissinger, and now in the forthcoming Geneva talks. The timing of the announcement points to an extremely hard Israeli line in any negotiations on the occupied lands. Major Israeli projects have also been undertaken in East Jerusalem, also supposedly the subject of negotiation, and a particular point of contention between Israel and Saudi Arabia.

An important article in the April 23 *Wall Street Journal*, based on extensive interviews in Israel, depicts Israeli military confidence as being at an all-time high, and a preemptive war as among the real Israeli options.

Words for This Season

The National Book Awards were subdued this year: no standup comedians, no mad poets screaming into the mike; streakers have gone the way of the hula hoop.

Theodore Rosengarten, the contemporary affairs winner (*All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw*), did announce, at the end of a nervous and almost lachrymose speech, that he was going to donate his prize money to the Attica Brothers Legal Defense Fund—"not in memory of the dead . . . but in support of the living." He encouraged others "to consider too how they might contribute to alleviating the suffering caused by our system of confinement."

Marilyn Hacker, the poetess, threw in a few trendy

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sentences ("Feminist poets are not talking to themselves. They're talking to other women, who are listening"), but was more concerned about the publishers' eternal claim that "poetry doesn't sell." She urged the assembled publishers to start producing cheap but sturdy volumes of poetry that "you could afford even if you were young or old, and poor."

The philosophy winner, Robert Nozick (*Anarchy, State, and Utopia*), is a Harvard professor who says things like "I defend capitalist acts between consenting adults." He had a few hard words for anticapitalists "who work for profit-making firms, such as newspapers and publishers," and said his book was written in order to "help alter what people think about what government should and should not do." But it was his opening remarks that won this reporter's heart: "Public acclaim is not, philosophers tell us, very important. Still"—his voice rising to a boyish squeak—"I find myself *amazingly* pleased and happy to be receiving this award." Professor Nozick beat out *NR* contributor John M. Cuddihy, whose *Ordeal of Civility* was a rival nominee in the philosophy race.

Bernard Bailyn (*The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson*) spoke gracefully of his subject's opposition to the revolutionary war, whose Bicentennial we are now celebrating: "he loved America deeply . . . and struggled to prevent it from being driven into confusion." He quoted Hutchinson's poignant question: "Why destroy what is, for something that may never be?"—a question with more than merely historical implications.

The sharing of the fiction award effectively contrasted the two sorts of winner. Robert Stone (*The Dog Soldiers*) said that in the early Sixties, when "many tears of liberation were shed, you would have to have inhabited a hell of despair" not to believe that the best of days was dawning—but Vietnam "broke in upon" this joy, causing all the problems we have since suffered. The other novelist, Thomas Williams (*The Hair of Harold Roux*), then wound up the evening with a comment that ought to be any critic's byword: "I do not care if I like the author's voice or not . . . if he is on the edge of his power."

—LB

Connors and Masscult

With the emergence of Jimmy Connors, tennis completes its tardy transition from the lawns of Wimbledon and Forest Hills to the masscult scene of Caesars Palace in Las Vegas and the mass audience of the TV screen. In his way, Connors is an emblematic figure. Like other sports, tennis has gone through distinctive phases which have been connected with larger cultural shifts.

During the 1920s, the "big game" of Bill Tilden marked the transition from the prewar period of restrictive form. The 1920s had arrived with all its energy and aggressive optimism, Tilden along with Ruth, Dempsey, and others. During the 1940s, the public courts of southern California gave rise to a succession of champions, the West now dominating almost completely the older and more traditional East. Then, with Pancho Gonzales and Arthur Ashe, the old WASP hegemony gave way. But until the 1960s, each new increment was contained within the accepted style of traditional lawn tennis: white attire, subdued manners, sportsmanship, a nod to the amateur code.

Connors marks the advent of masscult in full flower, not the Newport Casino now, but the world of McDonald's hamburger parlors. The way was prepared by Billie Jean King, Bobby Riggs in his current manifestations, and others, but Connors is the first masscult world champion, the creation of TV and its mass audience. He has staggering talent, and perhaps the best service return in the history of the game. He is also totally lacking in personal style and the very incarnation of the principle of anti-etiquette. He mugs, he clowns, he gripes, he yells at spectators and officials. It is entirely fitting that he desires to be a rock star and is planning to make a record. His match with John Newcombe—representative of an older ethos—was built up for the mass audience by exchanges of phony insults à la Muhammad Ali. The pot to be divided was around $1 million. The scene selected for the match could not have been more appropriate—Caesars Palace with its slot machines, toga-clad waitresses, and other touches of Hunter Thompson chic.

Big Stan!

Those who know Stan Evans only through his writings don't know what he's really like. He writes textbook English, unadorned, framed square, and double-joisted to carry a load of fact and logic. On the page he never cracks a joke, sticks out his tongue, or sings songs. He has adopted the plain style, like Mao and his campaign tunic.

Meet him in person, and you find, as so many audiences have from coast to coast, a fanciful humor, keen repartee, and straightforward amiability. But a paradox creeps in. The plain style that keeps Stan's writing nailed to the bulletin board is quite a different thing when it's the plain style in Stan's way of life. He has made an art out of avoiding frills. "When I go to a French restaurant," he says, dead serious, "I want *French* fries, mister!" He pronounces the t in gourmet. He says pronounciation, in fact, just to make sure. In a lecture, if someone asks him where he got a certain fact, he answers smilingly, "I made it up." Stan is unbothered by accusations that he has thinning hair these days. "So what?" he says. "Who wants fat hair?" He is proud of being so average, so *basic*, that he can walk through a seeing-eye door and not trip the signal. Big Stan.

On April 17 a few hundred of Stan's friends in the District of Columbia YAF gave him a banquet at the Mayflower Hotel. Speaker after speaker roasted poor Stan for his sins—being ugly, old, fat, bald, dull, useless,

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"We've finally figured out a way to fit it on the package. We're introducing the 11-inch cigarette."

wrong, unkempt, rednecked. Everyone at the banquet got *poulet rôti à la mal de mer*, except Stan, who was served his favorite meal: no appetizer, greasy cheeseburger, soggy French fries, Wonder bread, cherry Coke with triple syrup, and red jello for dessert. "And keep this here stuff coming," says Stan, waving his spoon at the jello dish.

One of the speakers—a "nobody," as Stan called him in his formal acknowledgment—said Stan was so ugly as a child that his parents had to wrap him in pork chops to get the dog to play with him. Anita Korten gave Stan his trophy, a folding canvas chair with the identifier writ large across the scarlet back: YOUR BASIC CHAIR.

Afterward a couple of dozen of the faithful withdrew to Mary Jo's house for booze, rock, seegars, and romp. You should have seen him then, past midnight, surrounded by the guys and gals as they serenaded him at the top of their lungs. He stood there, singing away—one of the most beloved conservative spokesmen in the land.

—WFR

Max Yergan, R I P

Max Yergan was born in North Carolina in 1893, the grandson of a slave. After college and graduate school, he began in 1915 a 25-year connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. For nearly twenty years, as senior secretary of its International Committee, he worked among young blacks in the colleges of South Africa, inculcating in them the religious and secular principles that his own life symbolized so well.

Before leaving for South Africa he had met and married a classmate at Shaw University, Susie Wiseman. They had four children, three of them sons, of whom one became an Air Force major and the other two, physicians.

Returning to the United States in 1936, Yergan plunged into the struggle to better the lot of America's blacks. As professor of Negro history at the City College of New York, founder of the Council on African Affairs, and president of the National Negro Congress, he moved rapidly to the fore. But by the mid-1940s American Communists had infiltrated both the Council and the Congress, and when World War II ended they moved to turn both to the service of the Communist cause in the cold war.

Max Yergan may at first have been politically naive, but he was a Christian and a patriot, and when he saw what was happening he broke sharply with the Communists and their fellow travelers. Resigning from both organizations, he became one of the staunchest foes of Communism in the leadership of black America. From that day until his death, there was scarcely a conservative institution or cause that did not win his loyal support. He was one of the founding members of the Conservative Party of New York. In 1962 he chaired the American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters—supporting Moise Tshombe against the blue-helmeted troops of the UN and their "Operation Smash." In 1965 Max Yergan became Co-Chairman of the American-African Affairs Association, a newly formed group of Americans interested in studying Africa without the usual ideological biases, and he held that post until his death.

In 1964, at a press conference in Johannesburg, Yergan endorsed South Africa's policy of apartheid (meaning, of course, "grand apartheid"—the concept of tribal homelands—as distinguished from the demeaning restrictions on blacks known as "petty apartheid"), describing it as an effort to give Africans "more dignity and self-respect," and as "seeking to apply a realistic and unique policy to a unique situation." A number of white South African liberals and indigenous black leaders have since come to a similar view, but it took moral courage of an almost heroic order for a black man to say such a thing within earshot of world opinion in the atmosphere of 1964.

But courage was one thing Max Yergan never lacked. In the years following the war he was loyally sustained by Lena, his second wife, a white medical doctor with bright eyes and a brilliant smile. At their handsome home in New York's Westchester County he grew old—tending his beloved roses, receiving with stately cordiality the streams of friends who came to pay their respects, corresponding with the numerous leaders of the new Africa whom he knew personally and well, and never yielding an

Anschluss

Sikkim, where the literate
Number one per cent,
Voted for the conqueror
Without the least dissent.
When Americans suggest
Greedy guts won't do,
Mrs. Gandhi eyes Bhutan
And ogles Katmandu.

W. H. VON DREELE

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inch, let alone a principle, to the tides of the world's dark passions. Then, three years ago, Lena unexpectedly died of cancer—and the indomitable old man went on alone, cared for now by his children and grandchildren, whose affection was his strong and sure support. On April 11 that magnificent heart stopped beating; but we may be sure that, as for Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side. —WAR

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You are absolutely correct in stating that a switch cannot be "closed."

A circuit can be closed by use of a switch. That is what is being done at Grand Coulee whether or not the personnel realize it.

Warmest regards,
Alfred Beacom
San Pedro, California

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Eight or nine months ago, while I was out of work, I got into my brother's whiskey and wrote you a partially coherent letter dealing with the idea of turning William Rusher into a cult figure . . . and then, five or six weeks later, my friend Buster telephoned to tell me that my note had turned up in NATIONAL REVIEW.

It was quite a shock. I went to the library later that day and asked whether they had a copy on hand; the lady at the front desk kept telling me that I must have the name wrong. She said I was thinking of the *National Observer*, and finally she began to get terribly impatient. I figured I'd better leave.

The rest of the week was pretty difficult; I wanted to find out just what I'd written, but I couldn't find the magazine anywhere. The kid who works at Henry's said they only get two or three copies, some old Tory from Rutland buys them all, and none of my friends here in Jefferson go anywhere near anything but *Cycle World*; Leroy says I'm a queer for writing letters, anyhow.

By Saturday it was getting very bad. Buster lives way out in Chicopee, and I didn't dare push the Plymouth that far; 109,000 miles on it, and the fan belt was slipping, so what I finally did was to put a call through to Buster and ask him to cut the letter out and mail it to me.

He did. I got it on Wednesday, and it was *much* worse than I'd suspected it could be. It was *fey*. I got to thinking that everybody would figure I was one of those characters who hang around campaign headquarters trying to impress the candidate. This kid sounds like Jack Ruby, they'd say; he brings doughnuts to the police station and pats people on the back.

The rest of the autumn was a time washed by second thoughts; I made an agonizing reappraisal of myself, decided the best defense against further incidents would be to stay away from spirits, put a big sign on the wall beside the typewriter: IF YOU'RE DRINKING DON'T WRITE.

It works, too. Things began getting straight. They took me back at the plant after I promised to stop drawing rabbits, Leroy lets me borrow the Triumph on Sundays, and Buster never even *mentions* the letter.

Best wishes for a happy summer,
Stanley M. Matis
Jefferson, Massachusetts

■ MEMO TO: Bill
FROM: Priscilla

This job is not all downs, even on *Bulletin* Wednesdays. I quote from a letter from Erik [von Kuehnelt-Leddihn] verbatim:

"Dearest Priscilla,

I am a complete ass and I should be burnt on the stake!

In my last letter 'Terrorism in Germany' I made several mistakes.

On p. 2, the pencilled remark 'Pickles only grown on fat skins' should be inserted on line 5 from the bottom."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I submit a plan to solve all of our problems.

1. Let President Ford resign.
2. Let Mr. Rockefeller then appoint the following:
   Vice President, Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
   Secretary of State, Howard K. Smith
   Secretary of Treasury, Walter Cronkite
   Secretary of Defense, Bella S. Abzug
   Attorney General, Robert Drinan
   Secretary of Interior, James Reston
   Secretary of Commerce, Ralph Nader
   Secretary of Agriculture, Clare Boothe Luce
   Secretary of Labor, Anthony Lewis
   Secretary of Health, Education & Welfare, Harry Reasoner
   Secretary of Transportation, Les Whitten
   Director of FBI, Jack Anderson
   Director of CIA, Daniel Ellsberg
3. Let Mr. Rockefeller resign.

We would then be on our way.

I would have suggested nomination of your "sainted brother" for the Presidency except for the fact that not long ago he joined with a couple of Democratic senators in a motion to have the Federal Reserve system bail us out of our depression by issuing sufficient money or credit. If that is conservatism, I am a chimpanzee.

Yours truly,
Clyde Duffy
Santa Clara, California
—WFB

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No Concord

On APRIL 19, 1875 the carriages descended on little Concord, Massachusetts, bringing highspirited Americans to celebrate what a monument there quaintly identifies as the first American act of forcible resistance to "British aggression." The town ran out of food but not of strong spirits. There were a few fistfights, much singing of "Cut My Leg Off—Quick" and other Civil War favorites, and a good time was had by all, including the visiting dignitaries from Washington. Those dignitaries, symbols of triumphant popular sovereignty, included the eighteenth President, U. S. Grant, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, whose concern for the railroad industry was memorialized in a poem that made voters laugh:

Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine,
The continental liar from the State of Maine.
Burn this letter!

On April 19, 1975, after another hundred years of progress, the overthrow of British oppression was commemorated at Concord by the first 25th Amendment President. As one hundred tow trucks dealt with 1,200 illegally parked symbols of restless, mobile twentieth century America, Gerald Ford was out at the edge of town, by a replica of the rude bridge that arched the flood. He was trying to make himself heard over the howls and jeers of an estimated 20,000 protestors organized by something called the "Peoples Bicentennial Commission." The PBC is a free-floating professional protest group devoted (according to some of the signs its adherents carried) to "economic democracy." It wants to overthrow the plutocrats. It is financed largely by grants from various foundations, the accumulated tax-sheltered wealth of plutocrats.

On the same trip to New England Mr. Ford visited that font from which political blessings flow, the sovereign state of New Hampshire, home of the first presidential primary. Unlike in Concord, Mass., in Concord, N.H., Mr. Ford was plagued by the Establishment. New Hampshire's conservative governor, Meldrim Thomson, already has announced that if Ronald Reagan won't try to unhorse Mr. Ford in the New Hampshire primary ten months from now, he, Mr. Thomson, will try, "unless I fall off a horse." To welcome Mr. Ford to his state, Mr. Thomson wrote an open letter to Mr. Ford denouncing the Administration's budget as "unacceptable" and noting other of Mr. Ford's shortcomings. This letter was indeed open: it appeared on the front page of the *Manchester Union Leader*, the firebreathing newspaper that lends tang to New Hampshire politics. Publisher William Loeb joined the welcoming chorus with a front page editorial:

"Mr. Ford has neither the confidence of the people, nor the personal magnetism, nor the will to sell Americans on what should be done. Thus, unable to lead either Congress or the people, Mr. Ford is in a helpless and hopeless situation."

While in New Hampshire Mr. Ford endorsed traditional American virtues, with special reference to thrift—especially in government. As he was speaking, George Gallup's folks were tabulating a poll revealing that 24 per cent of the electorate would be likely to support a new third party to the right of the Republican Party. The most interesting thing about the poll results, aside from the remarkably large 25 per cent figure, is the even distribution of those who say they would be likely to support such a party:

	% Yes, Likely to	% No, Not Likely to	% No Opinion
National	25	51	24
Republicans	24	54	22
Democrats	24	54	22
Independents	29	48	23
18-29 years	25	51	24
30-49 years	25	51	24
50 and over	25	50	25

It is hard to know just what such a poll reveals. Perhaps it reveals the base conservative vote: people who say they would support a breakaway third party of the Right are just saying they are conservative. In any case, people who say they would support such a party are assuming that it would have a worthy leader. Remember, George Wallace was showing about 24 per cent strength in the opinion polls when he was shot in Largo, Maryland in May 1972. But when John Schmitz—admit it: you had forgotten—picked up the fallen banner, he got about 1 per cent of the vote, which suggests that the Wallace vote is just—a Wallace vote.

Today Wallace is full of fight and is (as *Newsweek* put it in an indelicate headline) "ready to roll." He is showing more strength in opinion polls than ever before, and he is better organized, especially for direct mail fundraising. Indeed, just as the Gallup poll was being released, the Wallace organization announced that Wallace has raised $5,000 in contributions of $250 or less in each of twenty states. This means Wallace is the first candidate to qualify for matching federal funds under the new campaign financing law. There is a nice irony in Wallace's being the first beneficiary of the law that is the purest expression of the liberal reform impulse since the 1965/66 spurt of Great Society legislation.

IT IS PROBABLE that as many as three-quarters of those who say they would be likely to support a conservative third party would do so only if Mr. Wallace or Mr. Reagan were its candidate. For now, Mr. Ford does not have to worry about that. Mr. Wallace is going to seek the Democratic nomination. He won't get it, and then he may become a third party competitor of Mr. Ford in seeking conservative votes. As for Mr. Reagan, a third party is the least of Mr. Ford's worries. The morning after Mr. Ford returned to safe haven in the White House from his New England ordeal, he rose early, toasted a muffin, opened the editorial section of the *Washington Post*, and found Rowland Evans and Robert Novak keeping score: "Reagan 13, Ford 0." That is, according to the columnists, "Under today's conditions, Ronald Reagan would sweep delegates from the 13 Southern and Border states against . . . Ford in a race for the Republican nomination." □

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Try and Try Again

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

As PRESENTED by our media, the story of Allende is a standard ideological soap opera. The Chilean people, bowed down under colonialist feudalism, rally round a highminded patriot—a sort of Chilean Norman Thomas. Following his banner, they set out on their joyful journey. But greedy monsters of reaction, multinational ogres, and CIA hirelings snarl at their heels, lure them into deadly ambushes and bribe a fascist-minded military clique to murder the spotless leader, reverse the surge toward freedom, peace and plenty, and harness them under the bloody yoke of a brutal tyranny.

Although the Communists have contributed not a little to the production and distribution of this popular feature —might even claim to be the creators of the basic story line—they use a rather different version for their own information and instruction. The Communists see the Allende episode as a promising revolutionary situation, of a type likely to recur, that they failed to exploit successfully. A key feature of this type is the existence of a united front at the highest (i.e., governmental) level.

The presence of the Communists in the coalition government that the Chilean united front (*Unidad popular*) had become by virtue of a quirk in the election rules legitimized the Communists and gave them access to the levers of power. The non-Communists in the coalition became a shield under which the Communists could operate, and at the same time a set of tools for them to manipulate. The eccentric Marxist Allende had catalyzed the united front but, as an individual, was of no long term importance. As the revolution matured, he would be either assimilated to the Party—like the eccentric Marxist Castro, whom he so much admired—or dropped into history's dustbin.

Nevertheless, in spite of the favorable circumstances, the Communists lost the Chilean round.

They did not waste energy in recriminations and breast-beatings, but settled down to analyze the reasons for their defeat, in order to avoid making the same mistakes in their next try. (Meanwhile, through propagation of the soap opera, they managed to distill some useful revolutionary juice from the Chilean debris.)

From the Communist point of view, the Portuguese situation since April 25, 1974 has been analogous in strategic essentials to the Chilean situation defined by Allende's election in 1970. Once again the Communists are part of a leftish united front "at the highest level." As in the Chilean case, their problem has been to operate behind and through the united front in order to achieve political dominance and, in due course, organizational control. The resultant regime would be some sort of variant of an East European "people's democracy." Because of the Portuguese Party's strict subordination to Moscow, the Portuguese people's democracy—even if it remained nominally in NATO —would be, automatically, a member of the Soviet-dominated Communist bloc.

Iberian Chile

Last autumn I summarized [*NR*, Sept. 27, 1974] what Communist analysts concluded to be the six principal mistakes made in Chile. In their new try in Portugal the Communists have avoided all of them:

"1. The counterrevolutionary press was not quickly enough muzzled. Chile's influential conservative paper, *El Mercurio*, is cited for its role in wrecking the Allende regime." There is no *El Mercurio* in Portugal today. Communist cells in both editorial and technical staffs supplement official decrees in blotting out all serious opposition from printed or electronic media.

"2. The Allende government moved too slowly on both the political and economic fronts, thus giving the counterrevolution time to prepare its forces." Under Communist prodding, the Portuguese revolution has shown dazzling speed, moving much farther in one year than the Allende coalition in three.

"3. The Chilean Communists failed to push Allende into speedy nationalization of private business." The Portuguese coalition, under Communist pressure, has already nationalized banks, insurance companies, electric power, air, land and sea transport, oil refining and distribution, and steel; large landholdings are to be expropriated. The strategic purpose here is to effect irreversible changes in the socioeconomic "substructure" that will make counterrevolution impossible even if the Communists run into difficulties in the political "superstructure."

"4. The Chilean Communists did not go far and fast enough in creating grassroots organizations of workers and peasants (i.e., soviets) under Communist control which could act as an extralegal power apparatus." In Portugal the Communists have got virtually the entire working class into a new national union organization which they control at both top and roots; have cells in most professional organizations; and have been actively organizing local peasant groups.

"5. The adventurous and disorganized seizures of farms and some factories by ultraleft Maoists and Trotskyists antagonized potential sympathizers and aroused the reactionary elements." In Portugal, too, the ultraleftists have been troublesome to the Moscow-oriented Communist Party. But the Communists have been able to use the ultraleftists to terrorize center and rightist groups while keeping their own image seemingly more "responsible." And last month they got the principal ultraleft parties erased from the ballot.

Who Will Be Left Hanging?

"6. Communist penetration of the armed forces, though considerable, was not sufficient to deter the coup by the higher military echelons." In Portugal, deep penetration extends all the way *to* the highest echelons. The Portuguese Communists have made solidarity with the military their first priority. It is hard by now to discern the line between military and Communist. Alvaro Cunhal may not have exaggerated unduly when he was overheard boasting that if it should come to a split between the Armed Forces Movement and the Communist Party it will be the AFM that is left "hanging in the air." There is, for that matter, no law of history that prevents a military dictatorship from being simultaneously a Communist dictatorship. □

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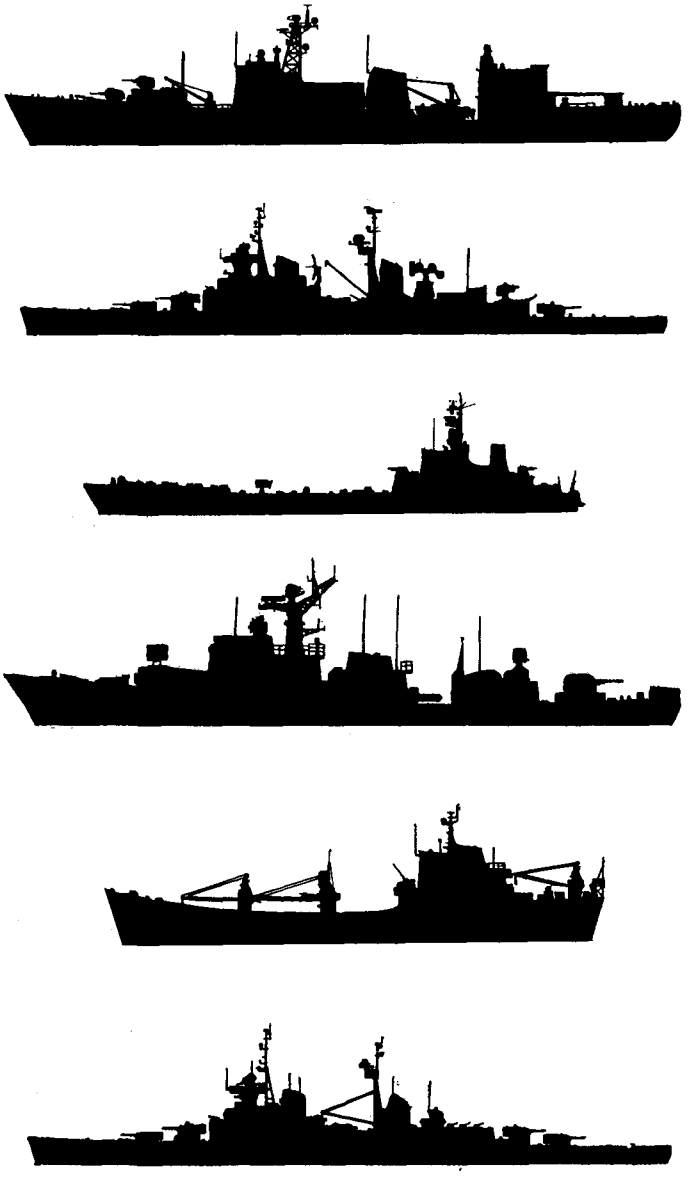
SOVIET NAVAL BUILDUP

What RUSSIA Is Up To

D. F. SPENCER JR.



BETWEEN 1962 and 1972, Russia built 911 naval vessels and the U.S. 263. Included in these figures are 137 submarines for Russia and 75 for the U.S. Some say the Russian navy is now close to equaling the U.S. Fleet; others say it is already superior. In fact, a recent estimate shows 2,050 naval vessels for Russia and 508 for the United States. Admiral Zumwalt, when he retired recently as U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, admitted that if the last Mideast crisis had erupted into a U.S.-Russian naval battle in the Mediterranean, the U.S. fleet would have been defeated. Not only does the Russian navy have more ships than ours, but their ships are newer.

While the mass circulation newspapers and magazines have now and then reported the facts of the Russian naval development, it is strange—indeed, astonishing—how little comment there has been on the impact this development has on the military position of this country. It could be that the controversy in the media over the SALT negotiations has diverted attention from the naval situation.

Some may take the line: "Well, if the Russians enjoy having a big navy, why shouldn't they?" But a navy such as Russia is and has been building is not just a prestige item, like a new embassy. Even to a great power like Russia, the cost of building and manning a navy takes up a significant portion of the national output. Therefore the navy must be intended for some important purpose.

Is this purpose defensive? Hardly. Russia has no overseas territories or defensive installations which must be defended and supplied by water as the U.S. does (Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Canal Zone, Guam, etc.). Russia has no need to defend itself against a naval blockade because Russia does not depend on overseas imports, unlike the United States, which imports many of its raw materials and much of its oil by water. And the NATO allies are even more dependent on overseas imports. Finally, Russia is for all practical purposes immune to invasion by sea, because its seacoast is either too difficult for amphibious assault, or too far away from industrial or population centers. Its land boundaries are shielded by buffer areas.

If, then, Russia's navy is not needed for defense and is not (because of its great cost) a mere status symbol, what

Mr. Spencer, who practiced law in Minneapolis before his retirement, breaks into print for the first time with this piece.

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is it to be used for? The answer must be that, either as a threat or a fighting entity, it will serve

1) to prevent U.S. and allied intervention against Russian expansion in Europe, the Mideast, the Mediterranean, or anywhere else Russia pleases;

2) to split the U.S. from its NATO allies and choke off the supply of essential imports they need, including oil from the Middle East, Nigeria, and Venezuela; and

3) to frustrate any sea or airborne attempts to reverse the Russian conquest or control of Europe, Africa, or the Mideast.

In short, the Russian navy is an offensive weapon. The creation of this navy plainly signals Russia's intention of expanding its dominion over the world.

In World Wars I and II, hostilities were predominantly on land, the only important exception being the great air and naval battles in the Pacific in World War II. The titanic scale of the land battles in both wars has obscured the fact that the Atlantic allies (the U.S., Britain, and France) could maintain the struggle only because they controlled the Atlantic Ocean. This control arose from the vast superiority of the combined U.S., British, and French navies over the German navy, and the eventual superiority of allied air power over Germany's. If the U.S. had not been able to transport food, war matériel, and troops to the European battle zones, Germany would have won World War I and either Germany or Russia would have taken over the European continent and the Mediterranean area in World War II.

At that, the German submarine campaigns in both wars became so effective that at times it seemed as if the flow of American supplies over the Atlantic would be so reduced as to force Britain (and, in World War I, France) to give up the struggle.

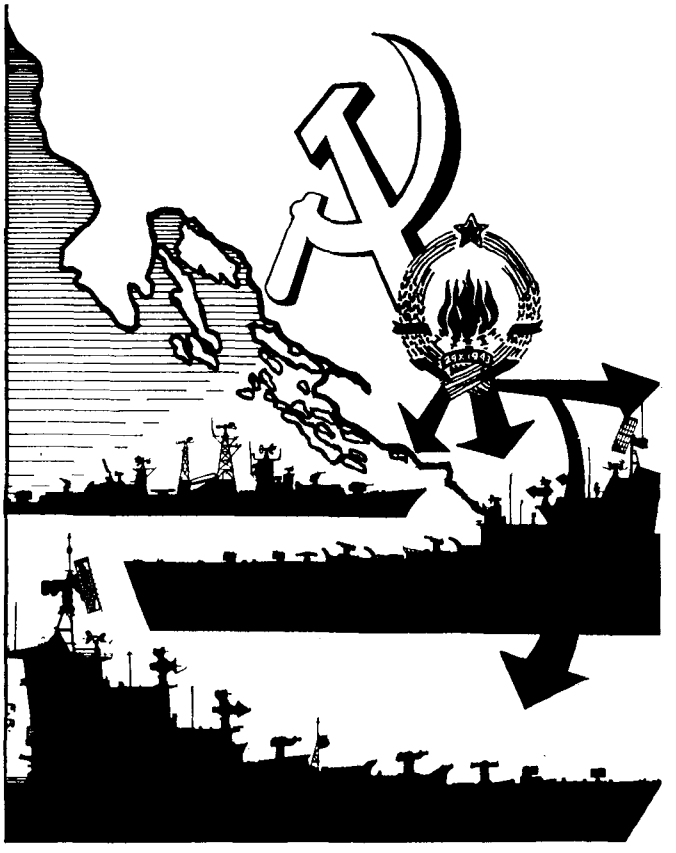
In the event of another European war, this time between Russia and the Atlantic allies, it can be argued that the British, French, and German fleets could cope with the Russian threat. But these navies are now little more than token fleets. Moreover, today there is nothing like the balance of forces on each side that prevailed then. Russian forces in Europe are vastly superior in numbers, equipment, and training to NATO forces on the continent. In the event of hostilities, Soviet forces would very quickly overpower the NATO opposition. Even if England could by some miracle fend off a Russian invasion, its home ports would no longer be safe harbors, as they were in both previous wars. The present British, French, and German navies would not be an asset in the struggle, any more than the French navy was in World War II after France was overrun.

With Russian land and air preponderance in Europe and with the Russian navy challenging the U.S. and allied navies in the Atlantic on close to even terms, hostilities in the European/North African/Mideast area would take a different course this time around. Soviet land and air forces would first conquer the area and annihilate NATO ground and air forces. The U.S. and allied navies would be ousted from their bases in the eastern Atlantic, North Sea, and Mediterranean. With the European continent (including the British isles) occupied or dominated by the Russians, and the Russian navy controlling European and African waters, there would be no possibility of supplying or even extricating our forces or those of our allies in Europe, whether by ship or air.

With the Russians in control of the air over Europe and Africa, and a strong Russian navy based in Atlantic ports, there would be no possibility of a successful assault against Russian-occupied Europe. Even if the U.S. were somehow to establish a beachhead in Europe or Africa, it does not seem possible that it could be maintained against Russian control of the air and sea, to say nothing of Russian superiority in ground forces. Even the cross-Channel invasion of 1944 relied on overwhelming air and naval superiority, plus the commitment of most of the German army to defense of the Russian front.

It is true to be sure that Russia has for some years had the military power to seize the whole European/Mediterranean/Mideast area, which is to say: the world's greatest industrial-technological complex, including the oil to make it run. The significance of the Russian naval development, however, is that it secures Russia's initial conquest by making the conquest impregnable to assault from overseas, and reduces Russia's opponent, the United States, to minor power status by actual or threatened interference with its overseas supplies of raw materials, especially oil.

WHAT ABOUT China? Even if Russia became involved in all-out war with NATO, it seems unlikely that China would enter the fray. China would have to anticipate that after quickly subduing NATO forces in Europe, the Soviets would shift most of their land and air forces eastward, and throw China out of such portions of Siberia as China might have succeeded in occupying. A Sino-Soviet war of attrition would not appeal to China, because it would need huge American supplies of food and arms to maintain it, and these could not be furnished because Russian air and seapower brought into the Pacific area would keep the supplies from getting through. Of course Russia would need air and



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naval bases in the Pacific, but these would be furnished initially by North Korea and North Vietnam.

By arming itself with a powerful navy, Russia has

1) signaled an intention to expand its power in the Eurasian land mass, including the Mideast and North Africa,

2) denied the U.S. and its NATO allies the ability to oppose this intention,

3) neutralized the Chinese threat by barring American aid to China, and

4) put the U.S. at Russia's mercy as a major power, through the use (or the threat of use) of the Russian navy to block our access to strategic materials, notably oil.

It does not follow from all this that a nuclear holocaust or an all-out war is imminent. For one thing, Russia is probably not quite ready today to upset the status quo. It probably wants to enlarge its fleet in the next couple of years and certainly wants to build up naval stations or bases outside its own borders. It may also need time to develop measures to offset the NATO advantage said to exist in tactical nuclear weapons. The probability is that there will be another couple of years of relative peace before Russia feels secure enough to make the moves it wants to make on the international chessboard. It will not move prematurely, as Hitler did in invading Russia in 1941 and Khrushchev did in attempting a "blitz" missile installation in Cuba in 1962.

BUT SOONER or later there will come a series of showdowns at times and places selected by Russia, none of which can be won by the U.S. because of superior Russian strength on the scene and the unwillingness of the American public to support war over the particular issue at stake. Just as the French asked in 1939-40 "Why die for Danzig?" so the U.S. public will ask "Why die for Israel?" These showdowns will serve to convince our NATO allies and the Arab and other Third World countries that they must come to terms with Russia.

What seems most unlikely is a Soviet attempt to accomplish its aims by a surprise nuclear blow against the U.S. This sort of action would be too reckless in view of certain U.S. retaliation and the internal weaknesses in Russia and its East European satellites. But the Kremlin probably also discounts the likelihood of a nuclear strike by the U.S. in response to a series of localized confrontations on the order of the Czechoslovakian coup d'etat in 1948 and the erection of the Berlin Wall in 1961.

THE FIRST major test of Russian intentions might come in Yugoslavia, because there one finds or will find simultaneously a) stakes of great importance to Russia and b) a favorable time to strike. The stakes are complete control of the Balkan bastion by Russia and, even more important, the securing of naval bases on Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast. Russia's Mediterranean fleet is vulnerable because its home bases are in the Black Sea, access to and egress from which is controlled by Turkey. True, Russia has naval fueling and supply facilities available at various Mediterranean ports, but these are not the same as home ports with dry docks, machine shops, replacement personnel, and stockpiles of fuel, spare parts, etc., to say nothing of the coastal and harbor installations defending the home ports. Once Russia has secured home ports for its fleet on Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast, which incidentally provides natural defensive harbors, the naval balance in the Mediterranean will shift drastically in Russia's favor. At this point the Soviet fleet will be strategically placed on Italy's flank and astride NATO's communication lines in the Mediterranean.

The opportune time for Russia to strike will be when Tito dies or is incapacitated. It has been difficult enough even for Tito to hold Yugoslavia together in the face of internal racial, religious, and language rivalries. There will also be a personal leadership struggle to compound the problem. That is the moment to watch out for. □

The Great Steak Robbery

AS A SECURITY GUARD, I was in the inner sanctum of the First National Butcher Shop watching the experts nervously preparing to make the all-important first cut on the priceless 16-ounce Hope Filet Mignon when the dread Little Caesar Salade Mob overpowered us in an attempt to pull off the crime of the century.

After being tied up by one of Little Caesar's henchmen, Artie (Chokes) Vinaigrette, we then helplessly watched the gang gloat over the famous Hope.

"Mon Dieu, what a gem!" cried the dapper French burglar, Beau Jolais. "It would grace the throat of an empress."

"Observe the pattern of the grains," murmured Shrimp Tempura, the tiny Japanese inside man. "See the way the light glistens on that little sliver of fat."

At that point the president of the shop, J. Porter House, broke down and moaned, "But you can't steal the Hope Filet Mignon. It's unique—a museum piece. It belongs to all mankind."

"It's ours now, buddy!" spat Little Caesar. And with a final "Chew on that for a while!" he led his mob to their getaway car, a sleek bread truck driven by the muscular American driver, Monterey Jack.

Unknown to us at the time, the mob, although they successfully made their getaway from the First National, ran into trouble when they tried to turn the Hope over to two top Mafia fences, an elderly couple named Pa Strami and his common-law wife, Ma Caroni. Testimony later revealed that Pa said that nowadays hot meat was simply too hot to handle. Then when fence after fence told the mob the same thing, they gloomily retired to their hideaway, the twelfth century Chateau Briand, where as Little Ceasar later testified, he grimly ordered Keesh Lurrain, his Algerian terrorist, to cut up the loot so that they could eat the evidence, even though Caesar's moll, Mae Onaise, pleaded to be allowed to wear her share to the gala Matzo Ball.

But before Keesh could chop up the Hope, the police, led by Captain Elliott (Liver) Wurst, burst into the Chateau Briand and with blazing guns subdued the gang.

"Keesh was the only one who wasn't disappointed about not being able to eat the loot," Caesar testified with a slight smile. "He's a vegetarian and was only in on the deal for the money."

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

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KONTINENT

The portion of the world covered by the cement of totalitarianism is a little larger this week than last. But there are always cracks. And now a new flower has emerged also

A Voice for the Silenced

CURTIS CATE

NOW THAT the Western world seems to be on the run, it is comforting to realize that for the first time in decades there has arisen, both inside and outside Russia, an articulate and determined resistance movement against the reactionary totalitarianism of the Kremlin.

Next to Andrei Sakharov and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, the most energetic and outspoken of the new dissidents is a 42-year-old novelist named Vladimir Maksimov. Maksimov, a largely self-taught writer of humble origin, was already well known to Russia's literary intelligentsia for his poems, short stories, and plays before his expulsion from the Union of Soviet Writers in May 1973. He was also the author of two novels—*The Seven Days of Creation* and *Quarantine*—which, thanks to Soviet censors, had to be published abroad.

In late February of last year, at the time of Solzhenitsyn's expulsion from Russia, Maksimov received a 12-month visa to go to Paris, where a French translation of his second novel was about to appear. Soviet authorities may have thought that he would not dare say or do anything very unorthodox lest he find himself locked out of his homeland —as had happened two years before to Sakharov's close friend and collaborator in the Russian Human Rights Committee, Valery Chalidze.

If such was their calculation, the Soviets were mistaken. Upon reaching Paris, Maksimov quickly got in touch with Carl Gustav Stroehm, a German television reporter who had once interviewed him in Moscow. Stroehm, who speaks fluent Russian, had since become Munich correspondent for the Hamburg daily *Die Welt*, which is owned by West Germany's foremost press lord, Axel Springer. The news that Maksimov had plenty to say was passed on to the newspaper's headquarters in Hamburg, and from there to George Bailey, who used to be a correspondent for *The Reporter*, and who more recently has made a name for himself in Germany interviewing exiles from Soviet bloc countries. Bailey was sent to Paris to sound out the new dissident. He found him to be surprisingly unprejudiced toward Springer, who is shunned by many Iron Curtain refugees as too "reactionary." Maksimov, a veteran, like Solzhenitsyn, of the Soviet prison mill (in his case, as a psychiatric patient), had only one interest: to combat the repressive regime inside the Soviet Union. He was not interested in slogans and he had nothing against *Die Welt* or Springer, who is decried in the Western and Communist press alike as the coldest of Cold Warriors, a sworn enemy of "detente." Maksimov wanted a platform from which to air his accusations and grievances against the enemies of freedom in the East.

Maksimov was invited to address Springer's *Bund Freies Deutschland* (the League for a Free Germany) at Berlin's vast *Kongresshalle* on the 25th anniversary of the end of Stalin's Berlin blockade.

Maksimov gave a fighting speech. He assailed oppressive regimes which fence their populations in behind cordons of barbed wire while talking about progress, which shoot up peaceful hamlets in Vietnam and Cambodia, and point with pride to the "international mafia" they maintain in Southeast Asia. He excoriated the "cynical apostasy" of Christian clergymen who, "to gratify the lowest instincts of the weak-willed herd, indulge in street demagogy, political speculations, and social extremism." His own people had learned the hard way, some sixty years before, the cost of listening to such false prophets: millions of their finest countrymen had been killed, and today there is even less bread and less spiritual freedom than before. "Which is why we Russians, in the name of all those who innocently perished and disappeared, have the right to say to these false shepherds: 'Fathers, remove your cassocks and put on brown shirts—they suit you far better.' "

WHILE IN Berlin, Maksimov was introduced to Wolf Jobst Siedler, a veteran literary editor who had for a dozen years managed the Ullstein-Propyläen publishing company. Maksimov told him he wanted to launch a Russian quarterly along the lines of *Novy Mir*, the Soviet literary magazine that had flourished briefly in the Khrushchev years under the editorship of Aleksandr Tvardovsky, publisher of Solzhenitsyn's early works. He wanted it to be as international as possible and not simply one more Russian émigré publication. Thus was born *Kontinent*, perhaps best described as a Russo-German literary forum for European writers who have been driven from their homelands or who are harassed and persecuted in the countries where they still live.

The money for the venture was Springer's (he owns the Ullstein-Propyläen Verlag), but the drive was Maksimov's.

Mr. Cate, formerly European editor of The Atlantic Monthly, *is the author of a biography of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.*

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Between speeches in Western Europe, he found time to meet Robert Conquest in London, the exiled Russian art critic Igor Golomshtok in Scotland, the exiled Czech chess champion Ludek Pachman in West Germany, Solzhenitsyn in Zurich, Vladimir Nabokov in Montreux, Ignazio Silone in Italy, the Polish artist Joseph Czapsky and his close friend Jerzy Giedroyc (editor of the Polish monthly *Kultura*) in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, dramatist Eugene Ionesco and a small bevy of Russian exiles, including Andrei Sinyavsky, in Paris, Milovan Djilas in Yugoslavia, Cardinal Mindszenty in Vienna, and the gifted Polish satirist Slawomir Mrozek in Berlin.

OVERTURES were also made to Günter Grass through Wolf Jobst Siedler. Though Maksimov had publicly insisted that the new magazine would fight all forms of totalitarianism, the author of *The Tin Drum* decided that this was one liberal cause he could not espouse, because of his well-known antipathy to Axel Springer. But instead of answering Siedler's letter with a private note of regret, he sent an open letter to Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, addressing it not to Siedler but to Sinyavsky and Solzhenitsyn, implicitly accusing them of having been taken for a ride by professional anti-Communists. They should have known better, he said, than to agree to "work for the powerful empire known under the name of 'Springer Konzern,' whose reactionary intolerance bears witness to the same turn of mind which, under a different ideological stamp, aroused your protest and resistance inside the Soviet Union."

"From the political point of view," Grass went on, "ideological anti-Communism is the exact reflection of Leninism-Stalinism, and inasmuch as Western capitalism and Communist state capitalism are everywhere joining forces to block a third course and to crush democratic socialism—be it in Chile in 1973 or in Czechoslovakia in 1968—so the Springer Konzern is part of this universal plutocratic or governmental power whose abuses you and I so fear."

This outburst was quickly answered by Andrei Sinyavsky, who pointed out that the Ullstein-Propyläen publishing company, far from being a sinister enterprise of intellectual perversion, had once been persecuted under Hitler. Did Grass really believe that authors who had been similarly persecuted in the Soviet Union would voluntarily reenslave themselves and "dance to the tune" of some dictatorial new piper? "The 'Springer Konzern,' as you call it, sounds like the incarnation of evil, something like 'the Tito clique' or 'the fascist de Gaulle' with which we in Russia used to be intimidated from infancy on." But no matter how "unsavory" this particular "company" might be, it could not be said to have shot writers or sent them to concentration camps.

"Can you possibly not know," Sinyavsky continued, "that the entire press, the book publishing trade, and magazines in contemporary Russia are placed under the financial, ideological, and even physical dictates of the Central Committee's Department of Agitation and Propaganda, whose work is overseen by the Committee of State Security (KGB), which corrects the work of Soviet writers? The free writer in the Russia of today belongs to the category of the criminal culprit or lunatic. Yet these, we are told, are 'liberal times.' Thus I cannot possibly agree with you in placing on the same footing a respected Western publishing company and a secret police that controls the development of literature in the countries of Eastern Europe. . . . The magazine *Kontinent* is an independent magazine, with exceedingly broad and varied cultural aims. And I am at a loss to understand why you should have felt the need to upset the creation of a magazine which has yet to see the light of day, not one issue of which you have yet read, and whose quality you judge by the sole trademark of its publisher."

Wolf Jobst Siedler, who riposted in his turn, pointed out that an earlier generation of exiles—one that included Einstein, Thomas Mann, Schoenberg, and Walter Gropius—could turn its back on the Nazi ideology because it was both "the laughing stock and outrage" of the entire world. "But what we are witnessing today is in almost every respect the opposite of what was then the case. Marxist totalitarianism has consolidated its hold both inside and outside of the country [Russia]. Not only its bayonets, but also its ideas have triumphed. Never heretofore has a theory of tyranny achieved such success as that which the dictatorship of the proletariat now enjoys." But at a time when so many Russian authors were being expelled from their homeland—"to the great astonishment of the outer world and to the considerable embarrassment of their fellow writers in the West"—and at a time when, together with Hungarians, Poles, Czechs, and Yugoslavs, they were displaying an unprecedented unity of effort, what was Günter Grass doing to help them?

While Louis Aragon, still a member of the French Communist Party's Central Committee, was already reproaching his own publisher, Claude Gallimard, for having so rashly agreed to bring out a French edition of *Kontinent*, in West Germany Grass and his like seemed to have but one thought: to warn any Russian exile who had the misfortune to be dropped from some plane from Moscow onto the soil of the Federal Republic that this was the land of Franz Josef Strauss and his no less dangerous accomplice, Axel Springer.

Heinrich Böll, the novelist, who Solzhenitsyn revealed last week had helped smuggle out some of the works of Russian dissidents, jumped into the fight on Günter Grass's side with another open letter, addressed, this time, to Maksimov, and published in the *Frankfurter Rundschau*. This provoked his onetime house guest, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, to drag both Grass and Böll over the coals during the extraordinary two-and-a-half-hour press conference he gave in his Zurich home on November 16.

"Unlike Sinyavsky," Solzhenitsyn began, "I am not a member of the editorial board of *Kontinent*, and can thus judge this matter more objectively.

"First of all, we do not understand this division of the world into leftwingers and rightwingers. This concept is simply not clear to us, because if one is to use this terminology, what in the West are called leftists are called rightists in the present-day Soviet Union, and vice versa . . .

"I have a high regard for Günter Grass, as an honest writer, and I am not acquainted with Mr. Springer. But I must remind my colleague Grass that it was not Mr. Springer who did away with 45 million men in the Gulag archipelago; it was not Mr. Springer who did away with a few million peasants in the Volga regions and Ukraine; it was not Mr. Springer who betrayed the Warsaw uprising of 1944; it was not Mr. Springer who throttled Berlin,

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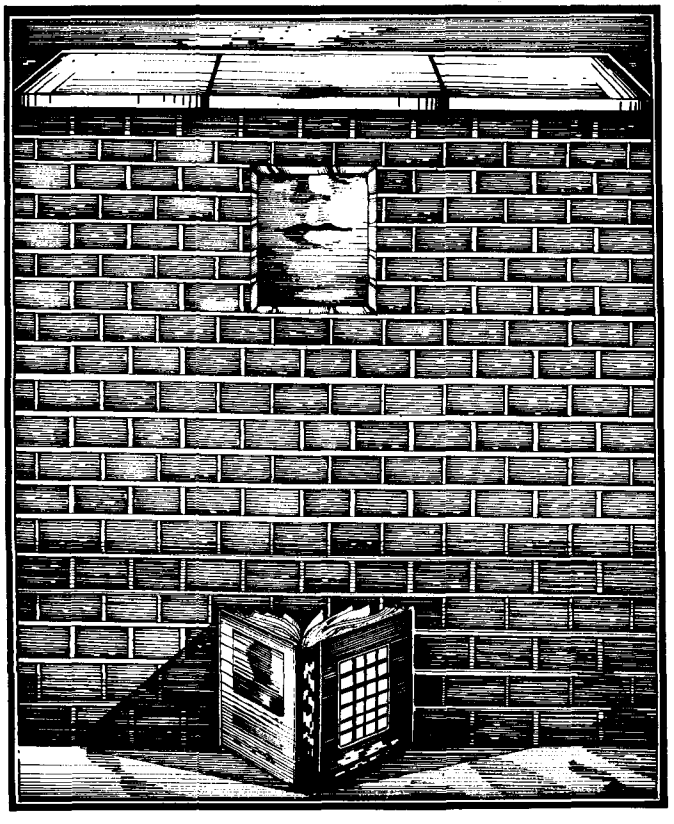
Budapest, and Prague with tanks. These crimes were committed by people in whose country you, colleague Grass, are published, the aiders and abetters of our hangmen to whom your friends travel as guests, where they pass the time pleasantly at banquets and friendly colloquies. . . .

"I would like to remind you that there are no free publishing companies in the Soviet Union. All publishing companies there are controlled by the government and the KGB. They adapt you to their ideological needs, they edit and correct you—nevertheless you continue to be published there. We never reproached you for it. So why do you upbraid the magazine *Kontinent*, not on the nature of the contents, but because it is published by the (in your opinion) conservative Ullstein-Propyläen publishing company?"

Thanks to this unforeseen publicity, the first issue of *Kontinent* sold 20,000 copies in the first 16 days after its appearance in October, and is now headed for the 30,000 mark—a phenomenal performance for a newborn quarterly selling for 15 Marks (roughly $6) a copy. It was all the more remarkable for a first number which was put together in a mere four months and was inevitably a bit of a grab-bag anthology—including messages of encouragement from Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and Ionesco, three poems by Joseph Brodsky, the first part of a novelette by Vladimir Kornilov (who still lives in Moscow), and a solid chunk of Cardinal Mindszenty's memoirs.

My own feeling is that the German uproar over *Kontinent* is the harbinger of a more general literary debate within all the Western countries where the new quarterly is due to appear. (These include France, England, Italy, Holland, Turkey, and America; an edition had also been scheduled for Portugal.)

The launching of *Kontinent* is the most significant publishing venture of its kind since Nicholas Nabokov launched the Congress of Cultural Freedom in 1950. But it differs from that earlier venture in two important respects. The Congress of Cultural Freedom was essentially an American creation, aimed to support and encourage European writers who were not prepared meekly to swallow the Party line. It was launched, furthermore, at a time when both Western Europe and Russian culture were in the postwar doldrums. In the Soviet Union Pasternak and Anna Akhmatova had been reduced to virtual silence. *Dr. Zhivago* had not been written, still less *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Konstantin Paustovsky had not yet embarked on his wonderful autobiography. Yevtushenko, Andrei Voznesensky, and Joseph Brodsky were still in their teens, and Russian literature was represented abroad by Sholokhov, Simonov, and Ilya Ehrenburg, whose international prestige was out of proportion to their literary merits.



Today the situation is radically different. *Kontinent* is a European venture with only indirect American backing. It is a magazine to which Russians, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, have contributed preponderantly. The significance of this phenomenon is hard to exaggerate. In trying to decapitate their restless intelligentsia at home through bloodless banishment abroad, the masters of the Kremlin have unintentionally forged a new Russian diaspora like that created by the Revolution of 1917, with writers like Vladimir Nabokov, Aleksandr Bunin, and Alexei Remizov. These new exiles, furthermore, are still highly vocal. With the exception of Solzhenitsyn, the representatives of this new literary generation are not yet well known, but the chances now are great that, thanks to *Kontinent* and its non-Russian editions, Vladimir Maksimov, Aleksandr Piatigorsky, Viktor Nekrasov, and Aleksandr Galich will be widely acclaimed.

This is what Günter Grass and Heinrich Böll seem not to have grasped. In attacking *Kontinent* they have simply aired their private grudges and, as Siedler pertinently observed, made a public demonstration of their lamentable provincialism.

If there is one moral to be drawn from this controversy, it is, I think, that it is Grass and Böll, not Springer, who have shown a disturbing insensitivity, not to say intolerance, toward exiles less fortunate and well-heeled than they.

Years ago—I think it was in 1962—I attended a round-table discussion in Berlin at which Günter Grass pointedly deplored Axel Springer's *Mauerpolitik*. He was referring to the journalistic "sentimentalism" which the Springer papers deliberately stirred up by publishing a graphic photograph or a damning article each time some East German man or woman had been caught in the glare of searchlights and mowed down by machine gun fire while trying to climb over the Wall. One may well deprecate this kind of cheap sensationalism, and yet ask if it is the lowest level to which journalism can sink. Is it in fact deplorable to throw the spotlight for a moment on the fate of some poor, freedom-seeking fellow who has had his foot blown off while crossing a minefield between East and West Germany?

It hasn't yet become the fashion in West Germany to turn a blind eye to what is happening in the East, but the tendency is there, and the least that can be said is that neither Günter Grass nor Heinrich Böll has done much to counter it. Of course, unlike Solzhenitsyn, Sinyavsky, and Maksimov, they have never lived on the wrong side of the barbed wire. □

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PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

Hayek and the Angels

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

THE THUNDER banged dreadfully, and the rain drenched all Chicago, as the Philadelphia Society convened on April 18 for its eleventh national meeting. But as acquaintances were made and renewed, and cocktails served, it was soon warm and sunny within the Water Tower Hyatt House, which played host not only to the Society but also to the California Angels, in town for a series with the White Sox. I saw Friedrich A. Hayek and Dick Williams in the same weekend.

Hayek, who was to be honored the following Monday at a special meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society, spoke at Saturday's luncheon. Though it was really his mere presence that made the occasion notable, he spoke with his habitual trenchancy, as if it had not occurred to him that Nobel Laureates are excused for emitting ceremonial bumble. He said that interventionism is by now built into government, so that even if most citizens were persuaded by the libertarian case it would be difficult to make the state resist pressures and temptations to meddle: it has gotten to the point, he added, where we speak not of preserving but of *returning* to the free society. Despite his reputation among liberals as a bogeyman of popular government, he professed himself disturbed by the current despair with democracy. The problem is not democracy, nor is it remediable by democracy, he said; and in trying to find a way out of our difficulties we must beware of perversions of political terms. "The will of the majority" now commonly refers to a conglomerate formed by political bribery rather than to any genuine agreement among the majority; and the term "law" has lost its old meaning of a general rule equally applicable to all citizens, and now means instead any measure, however arbitrary, that flows from an omnipotent legislature. The task of libertarians now is to define and promulgate alternative constitutions: constitutions of liberty.

The meeting would have been a notable one even had Hayek not attended it. Other speakers included Eric Voegelin, Gerhart Niemeyer, Peregrine Worsthorne, Ernest van den Haag, Richard Posner, and Henry Manne. Voegelin spoke briefly about those systems of thought he terms "gnostic," and his own discovery—an accidental one, he says—of their similarity to pre-modern heresies that promised instant salvation by means of contact with a magic source (the counterpart of modern ideology), but which in fact cut men off from openness to the divine ground, an openness the classical philosophers defined as the state of reason. Niemeyer paid tribute to Voegelin's "new science of politics," and gave a compact account of how Voegelin, in the new volume of his *Order and History*, surmounts what had appeared to be an impasse in his science.

IT IS HARD, in this space, to give anything but misleading hints of all that was said at the meeting. But in view of the controversy over the death penalty, to which the Supreme Court is now giving its attention, I may mention the Saturday morning session, at which Isaac Ehrlich, of the University of Chicago School of Business, argued that there is strong evidence that the death penalty does in fact deter, as other penalties do not. Though he opposes its restoration, he holds that earlier studies denying its deterrent effect have been seriously inadequate: Sellins, for instance, took account only of the legal status rather than the actual enforcement of capital punishment—yet it seems obvious that criminals who calculate do so by rule of thumb rather than by studying the statute books. Van den Haag termed Ehrlich's work "revolutionary," and proceeded to add a few considerations of his own. He laid to rest several familiar bromides concerning the death penalty, dispatching them with the flamboyant incisiveness of Sherlock Holmes reviewing the deductions of Inspector Lestrade. And he added a provocative statistic in support of Ehrlich: since the abolition of the death penalty in New York, not only have murders increased, but the proportion of murders by strangers, as opposed to murders by acquaintances (mostly so-called "crimes of passion" less susceptible of deterrence), has increased from about a fifth to about half the total number. Put roughly, there seem to be far more *rational* murders nowadays. Moreover, van den Haag argued, it is not only the fear of death, but of death in irrevocable disgrace, that deters. Are the poor executed more than the rich? Perhaps so; but the relevant question is whether the *guilty* poor are executed more often than the *guilty* rich. It may be that ugly, insecure men are convicted of rape more often than handsome, debonair men (or for that matter, one may add, that men are convicted of rape more than women); but that does not mean that rape should never be punished.

One of the final sessions took up the theme of the debasement of language, "the destruction of nuance," as Stephen Tonsor called it, as a political weapon. Totalitarianism notoriously perverts speech—yet, paradoxically, the dissidents within totalist countries use language more responsibly than those in democracies. Worsthorne had remarked, in his keynote speech Friday night, that intellectuals tend nowadays to subvert everyone's freedoms but their own. I wonder if the monitory lesson for free nations might be put in an aphorism: that where speech is free, talk is cheap. How much more weight Solzhenitsyn's words carried when they were spoken at risk! But in the West, where anybody may say anything, his voice is barely heard in the hubbub.

THERE WAS of course much more going on, all in a spirit of intellectual conviviality, not to be confused with unanimity. I thought of Arthur Koestler's observation that radical women are usually homely, by which he meant that their social discontent is often due to obvious personal shortcomings; and the beauty and grace of the ladies at the Water Tower made me wonder if one might affirm a flattering corresponding proposition about conservative women. They were not only a delight, but a kind of reassurance. □

Mr. Sobran is a contributing editor of NR.

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PORTUGAL

The Poor Get Poorer

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

LISBON. This dispatch was not written in the Portuguese capital. A less critical version filed for a Greek newspaper was rejected outright by the Telex operator in Lisbon's central telecommunications center. When I inquired on what grounds and under what authority my article was being rejected, the Telex operator accused me of "plotting against and slandering the Portuguese people."

If my case was hardly typical it was not an isolated incident. Many foreign journalists in Portugal are being harassed. A Spanish television correspondent was "advised" to leave the country after reporting on the air that Portuguese mobs were rampaging. The Lisbon bureau chiefs of the AP and UPI were called in and given a dressing down. The British *Guardian*'s correspondent was beaten up by Communists when he was spotted covering one of their "rallies"—a euphemism for disrupting the activities of opposition parties.

Portugal's powerful Communist Party has, in fact, called for censorship of the foreign press. It has accused the foreign media of the same sort of activities in Portugal that it says forced Fidel Castro in Cuba, Salvador Allende in Chile, and Velasco Alvarado in Peru to take adequate measures to halt their "conspiratorial and undermining activities."

Through its mouthpiece, the weekly *Avante*, the Communists have accused the foreign media of trying to wreck the Portuguese revolution. And although no formal censorship has as yet been imposed on foreign newsmen, resident journalists have to be very careful in their criticism of the Left, and even in their reporting of straight facts. They can't, as I did, leave the country and file their stories elsewhere.

But the harassment of foreign journalists is mild compared with that to which the domestic press is subjected. The main newspapers have come under state control and their employees are now classified as civil servants. All right-of-center, and indeed all center, papers have been taken over by radical employees. No criticism of the Armed Forces Movement (AFM) or the Communist Party is tolerated, and the same controls apply for the radio and television networks, which are also state owned.

Capitalism is attacked every day in various sectors of the economy. Members of the bourgeoisie are trying to rent their homes in Lisbon and leave. The city is full of vacated apartments, many of them with valuable pictures and antiques, that their owners hope to

rent to foreigners. At the moment there are no takers. And even if there were, worker vigilantes, with guns and other means of intimidation, make it difficult to smuggle anything out. If a visitor does rent an apartment he is more likely than not to be visited by a workers' committee that will ask to see the bank slip of his payment to the owner, lest the payment have been made outside of Portugal.

Lisbon's lovely old buildings are being coated with the red paint of revolutionary slogans calling for the "death of Fascism," the "end of the CIA," and the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat. The state radio urges people to report anything suspicious. The aristocracy and the well-to-do are easy targets, and any charge, no matter how outrageous, is reported in the newspapers as fact. Hardly a day goes by without a demonstration. People have, for all intents and purposes, stopped working, congregating instead to discuss politics in the hundreds of cafés that line the city's streets.

In Estoril, the beautiful seaside resort on the Atlantic, home of most of Europe's exiled royalty, the beaches lie deserted and the holiday hotels are empty. When I visited the peach-colored, rococo casino adjoining the main square, I found it devoid of customers. One casino manager told me that no one in his right mind would dare show he had money to spare in the prevailing climate of anxiety and suspicion. The cavernous game room was eerie, silent. It reminded me of Havana during the first days after the Castro takeover. Fear reigns in Estoril, and the grand villas of the very rich are up for sale everywhere for a quarter of their value.

THE COUNTRY in general is still stunned by the sweeping measures taken by the revolutionary council following the Spínola minicoup. The nationalization of the banks and insurance companies set off a panic among European firms doing business in Portugal. They began requiring letters of credit deposited in their own banks before delivering goods. In Lisbon itself, thousands of panicky investors lined up to withdraw their savings from local banks and deposit them in foreign ones.

Here is just one example of the kind of thing that has been going on. In a pharmaceutical company providing badly needed foreign investment and employment, the workers threw out the bosses and took over the firm, then proceeded to distribute the merchandise. The result: they were all laid off when the company went bankrupt and valuable medicines are no longer being produced.

Most bakeries have also shut down, for the simple reason that the workers want 100 per cent wage increases but will not allow their employers to increase the price of bread.

In short, the people have misunderstood freedom. They have not realized that a twentieth century economy—capitalist or Communist—does not run without order and planning. Taking from the rich to give to the poor, as practiced by the Portuguese Left, has managed only to make the poorest people in Europe poorer still. □

Mr. Theodoracopulos has just completed a book about Greece under the Colonels.

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LETTER FROM TORONTO

How to Make an Energy Crisis

DONALD COXE

THE BLUE-EYED Arabs of the North are running out of oil. Within four years Canada's industrial heartland of southern Ontario will become partly dependent on imported crude oil. Even sooner it will be short of natural gas, and what is available will cost (at the wellhead in western Canada) at least 60 per cent more than it did only two years ago.

Apart from the long range impact on Canada's industrial strategy and balance of payments, this now-certain shortage has already begun to affect U.S. refiners in the Great Lakes states: Canadian exports of oil are already being cut back and will be phased out entirely within three years. The "secure" source of supply from a "friendly" neighbor is disappearing; that means greater American dependence on the OPEC producers in coming years.

First signs of the cost to Americans of the new northern energy situation occurred last year when natural gas consumers in the Pacific Northwest states had their long term, fixed price contracts for Canadian gas abrogated by actions of the federal and provincial governments: gas shipments were curtailed and a 210 per cent price increase was imposed.

Americans inured to energy shortages may shrug at the Canadian situation, but to Canadians the very idea of oil and gas shortages is mystifying. Until a few years ago Ottawa's main demand in trade discussions with Washington was that Canada be permitted to export more oil to the U.S. The National Energy Board in Ottawa had for years issued detailed estimates on Canadian hydrocarbon reserves showing that Canada had large exportable surpluses. Canada's energy shortage seems to have developed overnight. What happened?

The Canadian hydrocarbon surplus disappeared because, first, the oil companies made a slight error in their estimates of recoverable reserves, and second, Canadian governments, both federal and provincial, imposed gigantic tax increases on the companies, producing the biggest exodus of drilling rigs and exploration personnel seen anywhere in the world since Mossadegh nationalized the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Finally, runaway inflation has made it improbable that more than a tiny fraction of the vast Alberta Tar Sands deposits will be developed.

The first factor, although the least important, has had far-reaching consequences because the Left has seized on the overoptimistic reserve figures to suggest fraud and conspiracy on the part of the petroleum industry. The most embarrassing incident was the failure of the Pointed Mountain gas field to deliver at its expected rate. Since the field is 100 per cent owned by Standard Oil of Indiana, far left Premier Dave Barrett of British Columbia used the shortage in deliveries through the Westcoast Transmission pipeline as a pretext for some Yankee-baiting. He tore up the contract Westcoast had with El Paso Natural Gas for consumers in the U.S. Pacific Northwest (during a particularly cold winter), made American consumers bear the entire brunt of the reduced throughput, then increased the fixed contract price for the amount of exports he chose to permit, so that the net tax take for the British Columbia (BC) treasury from diminished gas consumption by Americans actually rose.

The Pointed Mountain failure was not, geologists agree, due to deliberately overstated reserve figures, but to unexpected problems of porosity and permeability encountered by Standard of Indiana. The field is at great depth, and only a limited amount of exploratory drilling was completed before it went on stream. It seems that, although the gas is there in the stated quantities, it does not flow through the structure to the well at anticipated rates, requiring many more development wells than originally estimated. Such drilling takes time and is extremely expensive.

The Left has overlooked the kinds of problems inherent in an applied science like petrology. It has trumpeted the occasional errors made in reserve and production estimates and many Canadians have fallen for the charge that such errors could occur only through bad faith on the part of the oil industry.

However, the minor problems relating to reserve and production overestimates pale in comparison with the results of governmental greed. Canada's energy shortage is the creation of politicians in Ottawa and the provincial capitals.

Nearly all Canadian oil and gas comes from western Canada, with Alberta producing nearly 90 per cent overall, and British Columbia a distant second. A minor amount is produced in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Under the Canadian constitution, the provinces have title to oil and gas found within their boundaries, but the federal government has jurisdiction over products shipped in interprovincial trade or for export. As to taxation powers, the federal government has carte blanche, with the provinces limited to "direct taxes" (a John Stuart Mill term that remains incompletely understood).

Killing the Goose

Until 1974, the system worked well; provincial governments levied royalties on oil and gas produced, and granted permission for products to be taken outside their own boundaries, whether to the rest of Canada or the U.S. Overall taxation policies for the oil industry were oriented toward encouraging exploration and development, an approach which led the socialist New Democrats (NDP) to charge "ripoff," but which meant that Canada had plentiful energy supplies when OPEC launched the oil crisis. Those supplies were available because of the investment since 1947 of over $20 billion by oil companies—mostly American-controlled—and because of their application of technology and managerial skills. A National Oil Policy divided Canada at Ottawa: east of the line, refineries used imported crude oil, west of the line, they used Canadian crude.

When OPEC quadrupled the oil price, there was no sentiment in Canada for letting the oil companies charge the cartel rate for their production. The

Mr. Coxe, an insurance executive in Toronto, is NATIONAL REVIEW*'s Canadian correspondent.*

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federal government did not want to see consumers in Quebec and the Atlantic provinces paying a vastly higher price than consumers in Ontario and the rest of Canada. It was agreed at a federal-provincial conference that the national price of oil would be fixed at $6.50, with the eastern provinces being subsidized out of a special export tax imposed on American consumers of Canadian oil. The export tax, in effect, raised the price of Canadian oil refined in the U.S. to OPEC levels.

Even at $6.50 a barrel, there was a potential addition of $600 million in profits to the oil companies based on existing tax rates, but the governments scrambled to soak up the profits. British Columbia imposed new royalty rates that expropriated almost the entire price increase. Saskatchewan followed suit. Alberta increased its royalties. Then the federal government dropped its bombshell. On May 6, 1974 the minority Liberal government introduced a budget that proposed not only to abolish nearly all the oil industry's tax incentives, but to refuse to allow provincial royalties as deductions from federal tax. Although the budget led to the Liberals' collapse (because the Tories thought it went too far and the NDP thought it didn't go far enough), the Liberals won the subsequent election and the budget was reintroduced with virtually identical terms. Net effect: unless the provinces changed their royalty and tax schedules, the industry would get only a small net gain on Alberta production, but pay more than a 100 per cent rate of tax on BC and Saskatchewan revenues.

Frightening the Others

While governments gloated over the amount of money milked from American oilmen to finance domestic handout schemes, the oil industry pondered its participation in Canada. Certain facts were obvious:

1. The important discoveries of oil and gas in the western provinces had already been made: no gigantic seismic structures remained untested, so future discoveries would be small and at deep levels, therefore expensive to drill.

2. The Alberta Tar Sands, which have more potential oil reserves than the entire Persian Gulf, were probably no longer worth developing.

3. The only massive seismic structures capable of multibillion-barrel oil discoveries left in Canada are under or close to the Arctic Ocean, or off the coast of Labrador in "Iceberg Alley"—the Labrador Current famed since *Titanic* days for its ten-month-long iceberg season. Exploratory wells drilled in these hostile locations would cost up to $25 million each, and bringing the oil to market would involve pipeline projects more ambitious than the controversial Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

Conclusion: the time had come to look elsewhere for oil and gas. That decision was made in a hundred boardrooms within a month after the Liberals won the July election, and the result was a virtual shutdown of oil and gas exploration in Canada by smaller, flexible, independent companies, and a drastic paring back in scheduled programs by the big integrated companies that had already contracted for rigs.

But the most important announcement came on December 6 when Atlantic Richfield announced that it was withdrawing from the Syncrude project, which was to be the first major Tar Sands plant. In announcing its pullout, Arco stated that inflation in Canada had raised the cost of the project from $1.2 billion to $2 billion and that there was no longer any likelihood of profitable production from the sands. Although Syncrude would have meant only 125,000 barrels a day production by 1978 (out of a planned Canadian production of 1.5 million barrels a day), other Tar Sands plants were on the drawing boards and the collapse of Syncrude would mean their demise.

Exxon's Canadian subsidiary, Imperial Oil, and Cities Service, the other Syncrude partners, bravely looked for other participants, but it was apparent by January that no other private companies would get involved. The oil companies pointed out that, with the tendency of Canadian governments to rewrite the rules after their investments had been made, Canada had become a a poor place to risk $2 billion. In addition, the inflated cost of Syncrude (and of all oil that may eventually be found in the frozen frontier areas) meant that wellhead costs of $12 or more might be needed to justify investment, even assuming that existing tax policies were moderated. Since the Arabs could sell oil to Canada profitably at $2 a barrel, they could quite conceivably choose to wreck the Canadian (and maybe much of the American) oil industry by suddenly slashing their prices just at the time major frontier projects came on stream.

Luring Them Back

The next month saw a flurry of conferences among Canadian politicians and oilmen. Until the Atlantic Richfield announcement, oilmen could not get a hearing in Ottawa, but the closed door was wedged open by events. Syncrude had been shrewd enough to advertise heavily on television about the long term benefits to Canada from its project. Thus its imminent demise was not viewed as just another threat from reactionary businessmen. In a Perils-of-Pauline finish, Syncrude was saved just as it was about to be shut down and its $250-million investment to date written off. The federal government and the governments of Ontario and Alberta agreed to join Cities Service and Imperial Oil in the consortium, and some tax concessions were granted.

Although the NDP predictably denounced the Syncrude deal as "the biggest sellout of Canadian resources to Americans in history," the general Canadian attitude seems to be relief that Syncrude is proceeding. The thought that Canadians might face the kind of lineups at the gas pumps that Americans endured last year was sobering to

(Continues on page 523)

How the Barrel of Oil Is Divided

	1973	1974	1976
Wellhead Price	**$3.80**	**$6.50**	**$10.00**
Lifting Costs	.60	.60	.75
Alberta Royalty	.84	2.20	3.98
Federal Tax	.57	1.70	2.31
Provincial Tax	.17	.60	.58
Net to Company	**1.62**	**1.40**	**2.38**

(1976 figures are estimates supplied by Draper, Dobie & Company)

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A DETENTE DIALOGUE

Stonewalling Peace in Indochina

JOHN D. LOFTON JR.

"The United States is urgently requesting the signatories of the Paris conference to meet their obligations to use their influence to halt the fighting and to enforce the 1973 accords. Diplomatic notes to this effect have been sent to all members of the Paris conference, including the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China." —President Ford in his State of the World Address to Congress, April 10, 1975.

TALKS WITH spokesmen for both the Red Chinese and the Soviet governments here in Washington make clear that for all the good his notes did, President Ford might just as well have made his messages into paper airplanes and sailed them out the window into the Rose Garden.

In my conversation with Mr. Hsieh Chi-mei, the closest thing to a press counselor at the People's Republic of China's liaison office, I reminded him that the U.S.-Red Chinese Joint Communiqué of February 1972 stated that our countries, "regardless of their social systems, should conduct their relations on the principles of respect for the sovereignty and territorial integrity of all states, nonaggression against other states, noninterference in the internal affairs of other states . . . International disputes should be settled . . . without resorting to the use of force."

Then I popped the question to Mr. Hsieh: In light of this agreement, what has his country done to persuade its allies, the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, to obey the Paris Peace Accords, which require that the territorial integrity and sovereignty of the South Vietnamese people be respected? Mr. Hsieh laughs.

"This is a great subject," he says, but not one to be discussed on the phone. Then may I see him in person to talk about it? "If I have time," he responds. May we set up an appointment? "If I have time," he says, "but I probably cannot do it in the near future." He says he will send me more material and literature to read.

In a couple of days, I receive an envelope containing four current issues of the *Peking Review*, all chockfull of denunciations of the United States. Typical is a message from the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China to the Central Committee of the Vietnam Workers' Party, which hails the "arduous, glorious, and great course of struggle" by the Communists against "U.S. aggression and imperialism."

Like his counterpart at the Communist Chinese liaison office, Mr. Valentin Kamenov, the press officer at the Soviet Embassy, is amused by the question of what his government has done to get its Communist allies in Vietnam to abide by the Paris Peace Accords. Mr. Kamenov is flabbergasted that I could suggest that the question is in any way related to detente.

"What is the connection between detente and Vietnam?" he asks and in reply quotes from a recent speech in Budapest in which Leonid Brezhnev affirmed that Moscow is committed to the idea of "the constant broadening of the horizons of the policy of peace." Wouldn't these peace horizons be broadened by the Soviet Union doing what it could to restrain its allies in Southeast Asia? I ask.

WELL, certainly, he says, detente is to help peace in the world, but, he points outs, "South Vietnam is only one people, one country, and what is its relation to the U.S. and the USSR? There is none. We do not blame you. Why do you blame us? Vietnam is an internal matter, one nation, one people."

I find it difficult to believe, I tell him, that his country is sincerely interested in world peace when it continues to bankroll aggressive wars of so-called national liberation, like the one now going on in South Vietnam. He snaps: "Certainly, certainly, and we will continue to do that. Yes, yes."

Mr. Kamenov says the struggle against Thieu [still president at the time] is being waged by the Vietcong, a force indigenous to the South. When I ask him to substantiate this, he quotes to me a *Washington Post* story from Moscow, quoting his premier, Aleksei Kosygin, as saying so. When I ask him to give me some more objective documentation, there is more paper shuffling and he quotes from a story in *Pravda* quoting several Communist groups in Paris as saying so.

Mr. Kamenov does not seem to understand the difference between offensive and defensive weapons; he is ignorant of who is doing what to whom in South Vietnam. He says his country supplies the North Vietnamese with arms because we supply, the South Vietnamese. But he won't say they will stop if we do. He sees "no connection."

When I point out that the arms his country supplies are being used to commit aggression, while our arms are being used to resist aggression, he counters: "But you bombed Hanoi, my darling, remember?" I point out that, remember, this was done only after 13 divisions of North Vietnamese, in Soviet tanks, invaded South Vietnam in the most massive aggression by one country against another since Hitler blitzed into Poland. He responds: "Well, well . . ."

Changing the subject, Mr. Kamenov asks if I saw a recent article about all the arms the U.S. sells abroad, including some 20,000 tanks, which, he quips, "are probably not used for road construction." Indeed I did, I say, and indeed they are not. They are most often used in defense of freedom, usually to fight against invasions from your allies.

You know, he says, changing the subject again, your country in 1918 intruded in another civil war, in Russia, against the Communists to "bring freedom" to the Soviet Union. This time it is I who laugh. I had been in his country recently, I tell him, and this effort had obviously failed. He laughs and he hangs up.

Detente, it's wonderful. Before we had it, I couldn't have carried on such an intelligent meaningful dialogue. □

Mr. Lofton, a syndicated columnist, was editor of the Republican Party's newsletter Monday *back when, he says, there was a Republican Party.*

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Aliens In Their Own Nations

GERHART NIEMEYER

THE TITLE IS A quote from G. B. Vico's *The New Science* (1744). Vico is describing the condition of degeneracy in which citizens, having "looked out too much for their own private interests," eventually become "ignorant of politics as of something alien." Our own society has carried this trend even further.

Let us first remember Kant's statement that man is made both for society and for isolation. He needs to live in the unity of political order, but he also needs to follow his own will. Today we witness not merely a tipping of the balance in favor of each man's single will; even the pursuit of private interest has shrunk from active energy to passive expectation. At the same time man's social aspect does not so much disappear as evaporate, from political solidarity into ideological advocacy.

The modern concept of freedom is: let each man pursue his own happiness as he sees it. In our days, however, happiness means getting to the exclusion of doing. An astonishing percentage of people have cast their entire lives in the receiving mold. They expect knowledge, health, gratification, and income to be given to them. They assume that all advantages and improvements will come to them from others. They will do what they must do to remain in that dependent relationship, but their doing is time-serving rather than purposeful. This is not so much a personal as a social development, brought about through powerful authorities in our system. Those who wield state power are no longer anxious, as Aristotle bade them, "to produce a certain moral character in their fellow citizen, namely a disposition to virtue and the performance of virtuous actions." Rather they see the business of the state as piling promise upon promise to give away to individuals money that has been publicly collected.

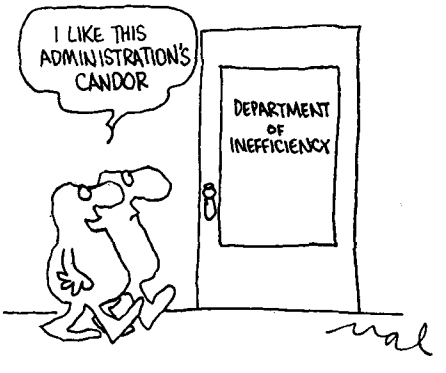
The unions desire their members to do less and less work for more and more income, producing such virtuosos in the art of nonworking as were perfectly portrayed in Peter Seller's *I'm All Right, Jack* (if I had my druthers, this film would be shown on every campus, every semester). The Supreme Court rules time after time that nothing is owed to society but everything to the criminal. Bureaucracies wrap their members in a mantle of job security without regard to the quality of their work or even the time they put in. Happiness in our society has become parasitic.

It is clear that in the aggregate people of this kind are nothing but "masses" (Lenin's favorite word), which appear eminently manipulable for power purposes. Vico expected such a situation to bring forth a monarch who then would represent the community alone, in his own person. That might not be the worst outcome. But let us look at the possibilities in our own society. People with a nothing-but-parasitic self-interest still have a social instinct driving them toward political unity. In a sense one can hardly call them "private" men. Existentially speaking they are by no means "ignorant of politics as of something alien," for it is politics to which they look for social security, health payments, unemployment benefits, price supports.

However, the citizen who relies on the government to supply his needs is not engaged in the political activity of supporting the government and sharing its problems. The political element of his nature is therefore allowed to float free, as it were. It begins by attaching itself to this or that "cause." Later, those utterly dependent on the public trough, having become "aliens in their own nations," proceed to conceive artificial solidarities: with North Vietnam, Cuba, Communist China. They play at being citizens in countries hostile to their own. They seek identification with some political entity, the farther away and more culturally remote the better. Citizenship is thus replaced by ideological allegiances spun out in feverish heads; it is not founded in common life, which is the existential substratum of all natural politics.

Although many, many of our citizens have sunk to the level of "masses," no monarch is likely to inherit the latent power potential from that situation. For there is no power potential. The elements of the body politic have liquefied, even diffused like gases. There is material dependency but no structural political potential. The public and the private sides of human beings are still there, but both have degenerated beyond usefulness. Our governments are become woefully dependent on their dependents. They are big spenders but not mighty doers. They find themselves besieged by massive groups of citizen-aliens when they attempt even the smallest action. It is futile to blame our Presidents for what they have not done, for, truth to tell, there is precious little that even the ideal best of them could possibly do.

BUT LET US not derive from Vico a falsely moralistic condemnation of self-interest as such. Vico may well have concentrated too much on the ancient city state in which indeed the only one who counted was the man of public affairs, while the private man was called an *idiotes*. The modern democratic state, by contrast, has assigned to the private man a creative role as a producer of material wealth and of cultural values. Politics is, among other things, also a framework for millions of projects, most of them privately instigated and realized, so that private constructive energy and democratic public service are not mutually exclusive. That mutual exclusion occurs only when private interest sinks to the level of a "gimme" apathy. Man is made for private activity as well as public integration, to love both his neighbor and himself. □



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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Liberated Man

Ah, it's sweet. I'm sick of entertaining women. Let them suffer for a change: do the old soft shoe, haul out the tired snow job. Dance and sing for me. All our male lives we've been at it, what a waste of time. Of manhours. Here are maybe fifty men and ten women in a role reversal game. The girls have to pick us up; the boys can only nod or refuse, no verbal answers permitted. Oh, we enjoy their anxiety. It's rich. Bodies hunch, noses get glossy, pocketbooks breastplate chests; they look like mimosa plants flicked by a nasty finger. Two or three are attractive, the rest are your basic social scientist type: temporarily between sexes, waiting for the best offer. And, to be fair, we aren't a bunch of prime ribs either. Now the last one approaches. I smile underneath my hour-old unisex haircut. Missed. There are three handsome guys just behind me: I don't blame her. But does she pick one of them? No, she does not. She picks a 19-year-old Wallace Beery: broken incisors, baby fat, thick glasses, piebald beard. Misery loves someone just a shade less appetizing than itself.

WALLFLOWERED. The handsome guys can't figure it out. I can. It's my own damned fault. For the last thirty minutes I've been harassing Warren Farrell, our male consciousness expert, author of *The Liberated Man*. Farrell loathes all outward and visible sex attributes. The business card, for instance, is a "masculinity" card. So I asked why he wears a beard, why he yanked at his ring finger while lecturing. I asked Farrell why he calls his wife an "attaché," which is sexless enough, but makes her sound like so much hand luggage. Attaché, of course, is "a person with whom one has a deep emotional attachment." Could be your wife, could be your gay friend, could be your great-aunt Maude. He has one of those tiresome neuter vocabularies to go with it. *Te*: he or she. *Tes*: his or hers. *Ter*: him or her. I've been a nuisance. The women, all of tem, wouldn't talk to me with a long spoon.

Get it straight. *The Liberated Man* is a Trojan Horse for *Ms.* I mean why else would Farrell have been elected to the Board of NOW three times running? He's useful. A pleasant local anaesthetic to numb your maleness. Aren't men tired of getting it up conversationally and sexually? Right on. And all that heavy breadwinning, isn't it a treadmill, something you'd find in your hamster's cage? Right on. Let the wife discover her real self in a job. You'll have more time with your kids and your sewing. He mocks the very mockable male stereotypes. Women smoke Marlboros, what man would pull

out an Eve? Ford Mustang, why not Ford Pansy? Men brag about tomboy daughters, have you ever bragged about your sissy son? Why not? Give your boy a doll on his sixth birthday. Men should want to change diapers. Cherish the secret woman in you. Farrell concludes with this passionate confession. "Being able to cry . . . understanding, without being embarrassed, feelings of my partner in marriage, the homosexual in my life, the deeper love in my life."

And now a male beauty contest, featuring Farrell as Bert Parks. We're to be judged on shoulders, chest, behind, and length (estimated) of penis. Farrell urges the women to catcall out their opinions. "What about Boy Sweet Potato, how many inches does he have?" Fourteen out of shape New York liberals parade and one conservative. Someone tries to upstage me: believe it or not, there are men who want to win this thing. Wallflower me, I figure I'm going to get slaughtered out there, but show biz is show biz, and I leap forward, my considerable biceps nude. Surprise: I get off easily. "Too cocky," which sounds like a compliment, spiritual or sexual. Six finalists are chosen—the saggiest and most innocuous, plus the one Negro. Some of us are let down. Until Farrell produces half a dozen bathing suits.

ONE OF our six escapes out a fire exit in the undressing room. The other five walk a female gantlet and, shock, the first male is really built under all that winter clothing. Three look like transfer students from Treblinka; number five looks like the camp commandant, copious flab. Who is eliminated first? Right, the built guy; no woman is going to announce her raunchiness by public applause. The winner is effeminate, a Before picture from some old Charles Atlas ad. Talent didn't do it for him: his "talent" is making a honk-like noise with both armpits. Men will judge women for their femininity. Women, these women anyway, mean to punish men for their maleness.

The unspoken fact is this: libs, male and female, aren't aiming at sexism. They persecute civilization's frail heart, the family. Ignore Farrell's diversionary patter about children; his lifeless word attaché has given the ballgame away. Marriage, as legal sanction, as sacrament, is dead in Farrell's mind. We are to have relationships that last while emotional attachments last. After all,

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if I have to housekeep for my wife, why bother marrying? A bachelor pad or a spinster pad takes just minutes to clean up. But lawful marriage has existed for good reason: because the human spirit is an unruly customer. It needs restraint, not liberation. Our children have to be defended against our hedonism, our expedient self-consciousness. Those that get born at all. Male lib, women's lib, they're the contraceptives of our soul.

But there is a danger more terrible in so much consciousness. Roles don't limit men and women; roles protect them. It's a bitter truth that Christians know: most of us are insignificant things. The man who discovers his real self more often than not finds nothing there at all. Society, with its honored husbands and wives, its breadwinners and mothers, has cushioned that savage fact. And we are better for it. What will Farrell and Steinem do for the trivial souls they have so wantonly released? Not much. Roleless then, they won't even be able to role play. □

PLACES

SUSAN S. McDONALD

Flight Patterns

There is a peculiar tendency to associate not only modishness, but also integrity, with geographic location. Places come to symbolize a state of mind and a style of living that exalt or debase their residents: one associates passion and incontinence with the steamy climates, and a kind of stolid, robust energy with the frozen North. So for those who aspire to status or sanctimony, the trick is to live in the right place at the right time. Naturally, locations go in and out of vogue. Cannes was once the watering place of the wealthy; now it's the watercooler of the bourgeoisie. Moral and social climates change, so you have to keep moving to retain your integrity and your social prominence.

Having entered its ideological menopause, the Berkeley generation (my own) is now plotting strategic points of entry into middle class adulthood, and for that, geographic location is almost as salient as professional occupation. (The young, especially, have a lofty residential consciousness—an arrogance of place that comes with rootless mobility and free choice.)

My husband and I often deliberate about where to embark on the good life. Five years ago, it was California. San Francisco, in particular, was the spiritual and political capital of young Americans. The toplessness and the listlessness, the higher divorce rate and the higher drug rate, the balmy weather and the campus disruptions, all seemed to symbolize a free and fractious human spirit. California was for lolling, communing, idealizing, and ecologizing. The East was frigid and unfree—a place for plodding, repressing, congesting, and polluting. In between was just a groaty plain which held the two lifestyles together and repelled us with its middleness.

Cali-High, island of titillating political and cultural contradictions, seduced nearly everyone. It was a place you longed to be, even if you had earthly commitments elsewhere. Berkeley attracted the freewheeling and the feckless; Stanford, the more reserved, button-down renegades from Northeast college life. (L.A., an earlier generation's glamor spot, was to us just the wart which confirmed California's spiritual beauty as surely as any exception ever proved the rule.)

When the youth cult faded, California lost a little of its sunny brass luster. Its counterculture marginality is now mundane; its campus disruptions (like Student Ideology) have become passé. America's moral and cultural epicenter is shifting eastward toward Washington—a place less habitable than California but with its own intriguing blend of virtue and vice, ingenuousness and humbug. Better now to open a Ralph Nader franchise, or be a grizzly cub reporter in Washington, than to congregate under a California date palm. I think to myself how ahead of my time I was to have settled closer to the *Washington Post*.

But I have not done everything right, because I live in a city, and cities are now morally and aesthetically repugnant—the social aneurisms of contemporary society. This popular aversion to cities is not entirely new, of course. America has nursed an anti-urban bias since the early days of its history, and even my generation teethed on agrarian mythology (of a cultural rather than ecological sort). Although we became formally a nation of city dwellers with the 1930 census, two decades later we were still socializing our children with grade school readers that portrayed rural settings as the cultural norm. Cities become, on this view, anomalous black holes that suck and compress everyone into a great deindividuating mass.

Cities used to have their compensations, however. They appealed to our vanity with their bigness and their cultural centrality. Later, when they declined, it was voguish to reclaim them—to make the inner city safe for aristocracy. But a lot of young pioneers are losing patience with the urban frontier. Having stopped off in the city for a strategic year or two, and found it to be a perverse form of social organization which defies good will and best intentions, they are now packing their Volvo station wagons and spinning out of the metropolitan orbit. They tell me that to ignore the rapacity, the inefficiency, and the social decay is to lack sensibility. The city is burned out, in Ecospeak. I am afraid to stay behind lest I take on the coloration of this execrable environment, or grind to the same sooty halt.

Where do young parents head with car and *Kinder* these days? The old solution was Suburbia but that is hopelessly outmoded. (Like Transylvania, the very word is full of myths and monsters.) Suburbs used to symbolize social mobility and affluence—the metropolis with *Lebensraum*. But now they are too full of city refugees in tract housing and their own invasive social problems. They require great amounts of gas to transport kids to school and hockey practice; they succor mediocrity (which young ideologues despise more than venality); and they connote a kind of selfish, pedestrian comfort. There is no glamor, no moral exaltation to this lifestyle. Our friends disdain it all the way to the suburban realtor's office.

The only lofty living alternative right now is Rural America, which, at least for the moment, enjoys a paradoxically chaste yet chic image. Urbanites who never thought they'd survive the outback are now feigning gentleman farming and country craft in some very out of the way places. Renovated farm-

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Gary Jay Williams *frequently reviews theater for* NR. . . . **Susan Schwartz McDonald** *is working on a PhD in communications at the University of Pennsylvania.*

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houses have inched out the renovated warehouses in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*.

It is a matter of both fashion and integrity. When I hear homiletic praise of everything rural from self-sufficiency to septic tanks, I am embarrassed to drive my (pre-crisis) Buick and live in a faceless crowd. You are what you eat and where you live: Vermont is a good clean place to hole up for the apocalypse; New York's the rotten apple. So where can those who seek residential integrity but hate the smell of compost establish themselves? For them, there's no modish or benign place to live right now except maybe Disney World, and even Mickey Mouse, with his lavishly automated friends, is a fuel hog. □

THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

Acts of Faith

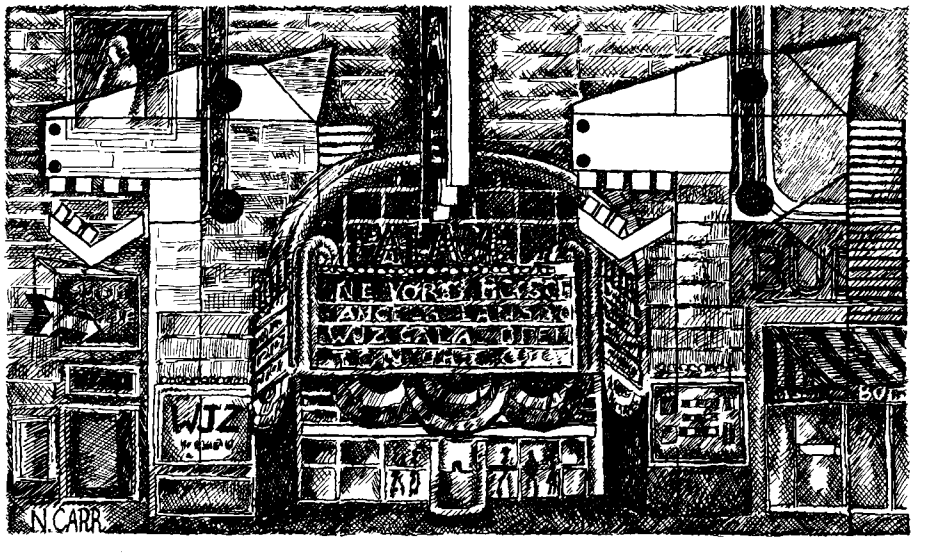
Americans are going to the theater more this recession season, both in New York and regionally. Broadway's box office pulse is the healthiest in ten years. The season's fare will not wholly account for it; when we go to the theater more it isn't always all for art's sake.

This season we seem to be granting the theater a special persuasiveness. We seem eager to believe, eager to be taken in, ready to grant whatever will make the evening's game go round, willing (beyond Coleridge's sense) to suspend our disbeliefs and lay claim to possibilities. We may be putting behind us the long season of our self-reproach, exercising faith out of its desuetude. Or we may be waiting out the economic storm. Whatever the case, one has the sense that in those small acts of faith behind and in front of the curtain we seek and find transition.

We were allowed a cleansing wash in laughter at Candide's dumb belief in the best of all possible worlds while the corpses, canons, and corsets of whole nations tumbled down around him. When old John Aubrey, the scatological diarist of the Restoration recreated by Roy Dotrice (*Brief Lives*), rasped out his complaint, "We no longer live in the age of Elizabeth," and died, we laughed fondly, durably. When John Wood's ascetic Sherlock Holmes rolled up the sleeve of his silk robe and efficiently injected the narcotic ("I am bored to death with my own tissue"), we did not find it an altogether bizarre aberration; perhaps it was the familiar mortality in it that stilled the house. (Was there even a kind of mortification in it?) All the more reason to grant, to rejoice in Holmes's every superhuman deduction; we want to believe in a transcendent Holmes, anticipating every move of his more mortal enemy, Moriarty. Our laughter is not cynical; it wants to give affirmation.

ALSO STILL running is the handsomely groomed *Equus* which to me hardly seems to repay the investment of audience intrigue it creates with anything like a substantial dividend. But consider the perfect pairing for us in Peter Shaffer's play: an intelligent, world-weary psychoanalyst who reluctantly cures an adolescent boy whose Dionysian passion for his beloved equines leads him to create a horse-god. (He later blinds six animals when he is unable in their presence to complete the sex act with his girl in a stable.) We are not distracted from our intrigue by the obvious question of whether a perceptive, 45-year-old man would really much envy the ecstasies of a seriously psychotic boy, trapped in bizarre fantasy, dumb to reality. ("At least he has galloped," is the analyst's glossy line. "Have I ever galloped?") R. D. Laing out of Freud it all seems, but no matter; it translates into a recognizable choice between faith and faithlessness, disillusion and possibility. You'll also find St. Joan meeting the Dauphin again in *Goodtime Charley*. In Molière's *The Misanthrope* (National Theatre of Great Britain in New York) and even in Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* (Peter Brook's new experiment in Paris), we are interested to rediscover that there is sympathy and comedy in the excesses of disillusion, but no future.

The proficient illusionist's art in *The Magic Show* on Broadway was welcome beyond all explanation of how neatly whole tigers disappeared. And we have known since last season that there is more than pleasantry in the nostalgia musicals; we visit to see what it was like when we last believed, and perhaps to define where we have come. We have even been willing to give the yellow brick road another try (*The Wiz*), and Lennie in *Of Mice and Men* is again asking George to recite the litany of the drifter's dream. The spate of homosexual plays may owe much less to gay lib or prurience than to an increasing tolerance, however indiscriminate, for allegiance of any kind in a world of dwindling possibilities. The dynamism of a new faith—the women's liberation movement—is revivifying Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler*. The powers of Liv Ullmann and Glenda Jackson could not be more timely. (Shaw's *St. Joan* with Ullmann is on Joseph Papp's slate for fall.) Off-Broadway, the most affecting work of the season has been the La Mama Experimental Theatre's synthesis of *Medea*, *The Trojan Women*, and *Electra*, a candlelit ritual in strange tongues working to evoke the ancient rites and myths that once lay just behind the drama's mask.



The theater mirror gives us back the quick surfaces of our times; these old faiths, new faiths, or strange faiths perhaps in small ways help sustain for us the possibility of faith at all. It may be one reason we are going more. Have *you* tried to buy a ticket lately? □

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BOOKS

Who Do You Hate?

Mediacracy
By Kevin P. Phillips
Doubleday, 264 pp., $8.95

JEFFREY HART

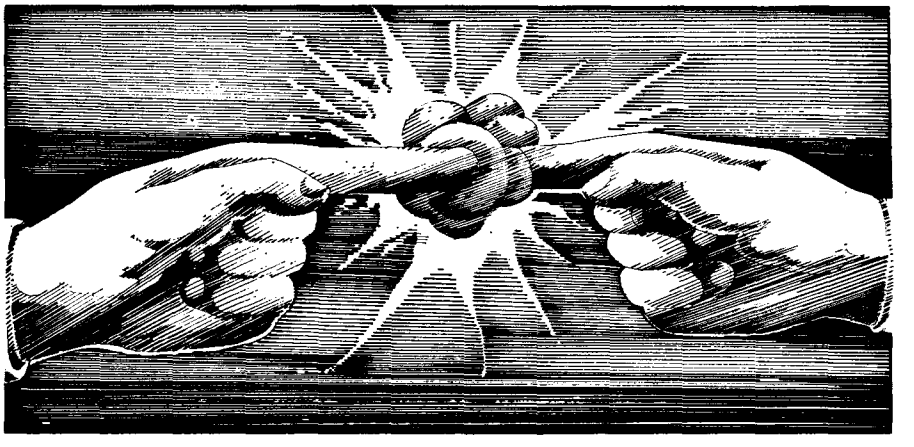
An expert jewel cutter, after patiently studying the conformation of a gem, can, with the lightest of taps, break it into its component crystals. In a comparable way, Kevin Phillips has discerned the new fault-lines in American politics. It only remains for the appropriate tap to be given. Phillips supplies the informed contemplation. What we now await is the action. Never has a book been more timely.

His analysis runs as follows. Until fairly recently, the principal fault-line in American politics separated haves from have-nots. Economically, this took the form of a struggle between business and labor. Socially, it split the upper middle class and its allies from the lower middle class and its allies. Politically it expressed itself as the Republican Party versus New Deal/Fair Deal Democrats.

During the years following World War II, however, as Phillips shows in convincing detail, an entire new interest group has arisen, and this has changed the terms of the American economic, social, and political equation. The power and prestige of this new interest group, really a new elite within American society, will be the focus of political struggle during the next decade.

PHILLIPS limns the outlines of the new interest group: "Some of its component parts are obvious: the huge bureaucracies of government multiplied tenfold since the New Deal era, the colleges and universities now serving ten million young Americans, the huge communications empires, the network of think tanks and charitable foundations, and the huge corporate giants of knowledge technology—IBM, Xerox, and so forth. . . . Indirectly, many other forms of 'commerce' are involved. Banks, insurance companies, and stock-brokerage houses are becoming more 'knowledge-ified' as the corporate economy itself leans more toward computerization and information systems. Many large corporations are also moving toward the research and 'social awareness' outlook promoted by the knowledge sector." As the title of his book indicates, Phillips puts particular stress on the major TV networks, the great liberal dailies, and *Time* and *Newsweek* as integral parts of this new sector of the economy.

At the present time, this new "knowledge/communications/social welfare" sector has surpassed both manufacturing and agriculture in its percentage of the national income.



Now, key point, in contrast to previous elite interest groups, this new elite is ideologically *liberal*: "Instead of having a vested economic interest in stability, as did previous conservative business establishments, the knowledge sector has a vested interest in change —in the unmooring of convention, in socioeconomic experiments, in the ongoing consumption of new ideas. . . . The intelligentsia's traditional support for liberal credos is bolstered by economic interest in social and research spending plus involvement in the mores of the new affluent knowledge-sector culture. . . . Change is as essential to the knowledge sector as inventory turnover is to a merchant or manufacturer. Change keeps up demand for product (research, news, theory, and technology)."

MANY observers noted in 1972 that certain categories of new wealth were prominent among the forces backing George McGovern. Phillips explains precisely why. By 1972, "social concern" had become a major item of commerce. "Wall Street investment houses gobbled up securities with names smacking of scientific technology, research, planning, communications, ecology, advanced housing or educational techniques, computer hardware and software, anti-pollution technology, and so forth. . . . Fortunes made in these fields created new concentrations

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of wealth (which showed striking availability to left-liberal presidential candidates in 1968 and 1972)."

In this book, Phillips defines an enormous political opportunity. Past predatory elites—railroad barons, trusts and cartels, overweening financial powers—evoked in response a politics of popular protest. They *brought into being* a coalition of other interests, and not necessarily harmonious ones, that had an overriding interest in curbing the new grab for power. This newest predatory elite, in Phillips' view, and he is surely correct, calls for just such a countercoalition.

The majority of Americans do not share the liberal ideology of the new elite, and they do not admire its lifestyle. They deeply resent its little presents to the rest of us, like busing. And above all, they are tired of seeing an ever increasing proportion of their taxes going directly or indirectly into the favored projects of the new elite.

A sweet irony: no one did more to aggrandize the power of the new elite than Lyndon Johnson, with his post-1964 Great Society social-concern bonanza. Yet when he stepped down in 1968, Johnson was a conspicuous victim of this same new elite.

In a careful and analytical way, Phillips provides the new answer to that fundamental—but rarely explicit—question in American politics: Who do you hate? *That* is probably the determinative, the "voting" question, and you can forget about its grammar. The target Phillips delineates is a ripe one, almost excruciatingly inviting. And the proposed beneficiary is not George Wallace's "little man"—the governor's rhetoric is off-beam there—but the vast majority of Middle Americans.

What the moment requires, therefore, is a political leader who grasps the new situation, who is spoiling for a real fight, and who can fashion the rhetoric necessary to illuminate for the American people the identity of their new oppressors. *Ecrasez l'infâme!* □

NR editor **Jeffrey Hart** *is a Dartmouth professor and a nationally syndicated columnist. . . .* **Rene Kuhn Bryant** *is a freelance writer who lives in Lexington, Massachusetts. . . .* **M. E. Bradford** *is chairman of the English department of the University of Dallas. . . .* **Charles Nicol** *teaches English at Indiana State University.*

Naked Nomads: Unmarried Men in America
By George Gilder
Quadrangle, 180 pp., $7.95

SANITY AND THE SEXES

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

George Gilder's last book, *Sexual Suicide*, was a brilliant, biting rebuttal to all the now orthodox malarkey about the sexes. It irked everyone worth irking, from *Playboy* to *Ms.*, and won praise from others as a startlingly original and fertile defense of traditional sexual roles. Gilder reasoned, following Margaret Mead (following her, indeed, further than she probably meant to lead), that since men are biologically more remote from their own children than women are, it takes more powerful incentives—social, moral, material—to make a man a good father than to make a woman a good mother; that marriage provides the incentives; and that the present ideological subversion of marriage can only lead to a rootless class of men who will variously tend to perish, or destroy, or both.

Naked Nomads is a less ambitious (but still mighty ambitious) book. It concentrates on single men themselves, who, taken all in all, are a bad lot. Only 13 per cent of the population, they commit 90 per cent of the violent crime. They lead the league in suicide, mental illness, alcoholism, drug addiction, venereal disease, you name it; the Bureau of the Census backs Gilder up dramatically. Single women aren't even close when it comes to suffering and inflicting misery.

BUT THE statistics, decisive as they seem to be, are only a point of departure for a penetrating essay on the male psyche. Gilder agrees with some feminists that men need women far more than women need men; the feminists' error, so to speak, is not that they are wrong, but that they don't know how right they are. In their denunciations of men they have hit on a truth they would rather exploit than explore. Men *need* the acceptance and approval of women; *crave* the assurance of vows of fidelity, children, and a role of their own to guarantee themselves a place in a fruitful future. If the state of a mother without a husband is economically precarious, that of a man without a woman is psychically so. These complementary facts conspire to encourage a marital balance of nature that is threatened when, for instance, a government weakens the male role by assuming the responsibility for single mothers. Making women self-sufficient may seem a worthy goal; but it inevitably makes men superfluous, thereby generating myriad social problems. It doesn't take many rootless males to make a community a hellish place.

BUT THIS is only one of the lines of argument taken by this dauntlessly original thinker, who is unabashed at reaching traditional conclusions. He says things that were never before necessary to say, and it may be a long time before anyone else says them as well. Page after page brings forth insights that are fresh, eloquent, and just plain wise: "Monogamy is egalitarianism in the realm of love. It is a mode of rationing. It means one to a customer. . . . Thus a balance is maintained and each generation gets its only true sexual rights: the right to one wife or husband and the right to participate in the future of the race through children." On the collapse of social bonds among males: "From the perspective of computer justice—the justice of neutral units rather than diverse humans—the values of family, kinship, and group loyalty are immoral: the words for them are nepotism and bigotry. But in the deeper, natural morality of the race, these values have their social purposes, and we need to maintain a careful balance. The private club, the family business, the ethnic guild, the church all contribute to the integration of men into a society where connections and responsibilities have sinew and blood, memory and promise—in which the man being attacked in the street is a brother, a cousin, a colleague, a parishioner, a cohort, a member. He is helped. When real ties dissolve, it is not to liberate a sense of justice but to unfetter the exercise of raw power. And single men have the fewest real connections of all."

As the Thurberwoman says, "I just love the idea of there being two sexes, don't you?" Two: that seems to strike a great many people as an odd number, but then they are odd people. George Gilder is for the rest of us. □

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Our Own Words
By Mary Helen Dohan with an introduction by Alistair Cooke
Knopf, 315 pp., $7.95

VANQUISHING VERBAL VISIGOTHS

RENE KUHN BRYANT

For those inclined to view contemporary American culture as by now a hopeless case, the sudden freshet of books extolling the English language and excoriating its current brutal misuse should come as a decided encouragement. That such books are not only being written, but published, *and* selling briskly, can only be a source of universal rejoicing. Astonishingly, it seems now to matter that in recent years intelligible speech has been surreptitiously replaced by "meaningful communication," and that the ability to commit a simple declarative sentence to paper has been regarded as "irrelevant" when "telling it like it is."

Edwin Newman led the counterattack against the verbal Visigoths in his sharply observant and devastatingly witty book, *Strictly Speaking*. Newman, however, occupies himself for the most part with recording and ridiculing (in the hope of reform) the ravages inflicted on the language by the ignorant and the unthinking. His is the justified complaint of the intellectually fastidious man concerned with the damage being done to the tools of thought that he is compelled to share with careless strangers.

Newman is joined now on the barricades by an ally fired with the same admiration and enthusiasm for the English language but with different methods of defending it. Mary Helen Dohan, formerly an Instructor in English at Tulane University, has written *Our Own Words*, which her publishers aptly term "a biography of the American language." It is an immensely detailed work of such cheerful erudition and steady charm that even those who suppose they have no special interest in the subject will not fail to find it altogether fascinating.

Miss Dohan seems to have read her way systematically through every previous work, both scholarly and popular, that has considered the origins and evolution of American English, a great many of those that have been confined exclusively to surveying British English, and straight on through most of the standard social histories of the American people as well. *Our Own Words*, then, emerges more as a synthesis than as an original study. But it is saved from pedantry by virtue of its organizing principle, which is to relate language to history intimately and indissolubly in a vivid, continuous narrative that is engrossing even when traveling well-worn paths.

Our Own Words contemplates both in generalities and in specifics the long, broad river of the American language, taking time to investigate all the small tributaries that have deepened its channel and influenced its course over the centuries. Along the way Miss Dohan's explorations yield entertainment as well as edification. There is, for example, the examination she makes of a delicate linguistic issue that arose in the United States at the end of the nineteenth century, namely, the search for a word that " 'shall express execution by electricity.' " Newspapers, literary journals, and general magazines struggled with the problem both editorially and in their letters columns. All sorts of ingenious solutions were suggested, beginning with "electrolethe" and "electricide," until finally "electrocute" won general acceptance. But, Miss Dohan observes with amusement, "the folk had the last word. Before long, criminals were simply *sent to the chair*; . . . In a final fillip at all the formalism having to do with electricity and related mystifying elements, *electrified* came to be used for moderately drunk."

It is impossible not to learn something about our language, sometimes important, sometimes trivial, always diverting, from every page if not every paragraph of *Our Own Words*, and the temptation to quote is well-nigh irresistible. Who would have guessed, for instance, that "mosey" made its way into our speech from the Spanish *vamos*, suffering a complete change of pace as well as spelling along the way? Or that as late as 1927 English language purists (among them George Bernard Shaw) were inveighing against "obligate" as an American barbarism unacceptable in cultivated speech?

Whether she is discussing the influence of successive waves of immigration, the imprint of the expansion westward, the rise of industrialism, the growth of the cities, the blight of TV, the incoherence of bureaucracy, or the continuing effects of technological innovation, Miss Dohan stimulates us to regard our language with a new respect and affection. Almost incidentally, she proves her case that language and history are inseparable.

In one of the later scenes of *Love's Labour's Lost*, Moth observes of a couple of fellow characters, "They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps." Not Miss Dohan. She has prepared a banquet for the reader with her own hands. It is a pleasure to be her guest. □

Here at The New Yorker
By Brendan Gill
Random House, 406 pp., $12.95
Thurber: A Biography
By Burton Bernstein
Dodd, Mead, 532 pp., $15

POISED MAGAZINE, LOST SOULS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Reading *The New Yorker* is drinking your third Bloody Mary at 35,000 feet on a morning flight to Aspen, Colorado. Reading *Here at The New Yorker* is doing all of the foregoing, the while perusing "The Talk of the Town." Brendan Gill captures perfectly the spirit of the magazine that carries the cleverest cartoons in the world, and the handsomest ads in the United States.

AND WHY not? Gill himself, though he hails from Hartford, is the prototype of the patrician New Yorker: handsome, and independently wealthy; well read, and with an ear for music; sensitive to, but not o'erthrown by, nagging social eczema on other people's bodies and neighborhoods; very much the *bon vivant*, attending five or six parties a week, whom life has caressed and whom in turn he entertains with the effervescent show of his own resplendent spirits and good will. "Not a shred of evidence," he observes, "exists in favor of the argument that life is serious,

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although it is often hard and terrible. And saying that, I am prompted to add what follows out of it: that since everything ends badly for us, in the inescapable tragedy of death, it seems obvious that the first rule of life is to have a good time; and the second rule of life is to hurt as few people as possible in the course of doing so. There is no third rule." If Eustace Tilley could think—yet more, if he could write—his philosophy might similarly arrange itself. Brendan Gill would look splendid in profile on the cover of the anniversary issue next February.

FOR INSOFAR as a Regency fop represents, through poetic hyperbole, a quintessential aspect of *The New Yorker*, so Gill, in his own less exaggerated way, represents what he himself describes—nicely—as "the characteristic literate, observant, very particularized, light-handed, timely writing that was to revolutionize the American magazine article. . . ." In the night he awakes "with a start," to wonder, "Where is the inventor of the Twirler-Beanie, once saluted in our pages? Is he well and happy? The inventor of Silly Putty, what of him? Does he prosper?" Here at *The New Yorker*, Brendan Gill has devoted much of his writing life "to sedulously setting off firecrackers." And so, when he began his present volume, he set out quite happily to "try to cram these paragraphs full of facts and give them a weight and shape no greater than that of a cloud of blue butterflies." Well, so he did; but there have been far too many people who have shaped *The New Yorker* over a half a century who don't like butterflies or wouldn't recognize one if they saw one for Gill's champagne aria to be more than partially evocative of the magazine, its creators, and its perpetrators.

For the awful contradiction of *The New Yorker* has always been that it is a poised magazine written, mainly, by lost souls whose blitheness—or at any rate, whose amused suavity—was a bloom that graced them only when they sat down to their typewriters. Gill is, by his own account, an exuberant fellow of infective spirits, yet he quickly discovered that at the office "The custom was to speak as little as possible, and then as dourly as possible. One never touched another person except by accident." "'Hell,' said Harold Ross, the magazine's founder [who thought that "The trouble with Gill is that he hasn't suffered enough"], 'I hire *anybody*!'" And apparently many a *New Yorker* writer—with the exception of A. J. Liebling, whose confidence in his own talents was boundless—has believed that he *was* anybody. "Most of . . . us," says Gill, "are what one of our oldest and ablest editors, E. M. Whitaker, has always described as 'congenital unemployables'—people whose utility to the magazine appears to be a function of their total inutility to more sensible enterprises." Said one editor, describing a mundane routine: "I get out of bed . . . and throw up and take a shower and shave and have breakfast." One thinks of Dorothy Parker, who was at once the lady who wrote the wonderful "Just around Pooh Corner" and the rotted old woman who died in an apartment smothered in dog feces.

THE DEEP currents swirling about the pilings of the urbane *New Yorker* are carefully plumbed by Burton Bernstein, in his excellent new biography of James Thurber, whom Gill describes—accurately—as "that incomparable mischief-maker," "that malicious man," but who was also in Ross's eyes, as Gill well knows, with E. B. White the very "persona of the magazine."

Humor was, to Thurber, "a kind of emotional chaos told about calmly and quietly in retrospect." Early in his career he claimed to write "mostly soi-disant humor since I haven't brains enough to write more solid articles and wouldn't if I could"; he believed that humorists "in the house of Life have the feeling that they have never taken off their overcoats." Amid the dissolutions of his last year alive, he told an old friend that "I can't hide any more behind the mask of comedy that I've used all my life. People are not funny; they are vicious and horrible—and so is life!" (One wonders if he ever learned that Ross had been opposed to his second marriage, out of the fear that if Thurber got happily married he might wander off from the battlefield whereon The Sexes were slaughtering each other.) And this from the man who drew "The Last Flower" and wrote "The Night the Bed Fell on My Father"? The contradiction is surely no greater than that Ross, the Colorado hick who couldn't remember whether Moby Dick was the ship or the whale, should have founded *The New Yorker*; no greater than that a rube from Columbus, Ohio—"a depressing place," says Bernstein—whom Ohio State cudgeled into normalcy ("Boy, can't you see the lil golden shield, the greatest pin in the world, gleaming richly and austerely and yet debonairly from the folds of that Blue?") and whose letters, until well into his twenties, sounded like Virgil Gunch talking to George Babbitt at the Athletic Club, should have ripened into one of the principal architects of Eustace Tilley's Algonquin set.

Mr. Bernstein is, like Brendan Gill, a staff writer for that smart set. His biography broods over precisely those aspects of life at *The New Yorker* that Mr. Gill's book often acknowledges but never conveys—and certainly never reflects. I suspect that had Bernstein written *Here at The New Yorker*, the impression of men and women who do more than regard blue butterflies through exquisite monocles would have been better served. □

FICTION

Tatlin!
By Guy Davenport
Scribner, 261 pp., $7.95

SIX ARTFUL DERIVATIONS

M. E. BRADFORD

In the past two decades the traditional boundaries of the art of fiction have been breached with monotonous iteration. The anti-novel, the novel as lyric, and the imaginative documentary flourish where James and Joyce once held sway; and old forms such as the dystopia, the romance, and the Menippean satire have experienced unexpected rejuvenations. Now comes the gifted Mr. Davenport with an "innovation" of his own. For his handiwork we have been by the times somewhat prepared. But not altogether.

Tatlin! is a collection of six tales, all ostensibly derived from the lives or writings of recognizable artists and philosophers: derived, but in a manner or

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RANDOM NOTES

■ PAPERBACKS: Six *Tarzan* evergreens out from Ballantine at $1.25 each. . . . You're just in time for the new *Boy Scout Handbook*—the original 1911 edition (Nash, $6.95). . . . Much discussed and now out for $1.75: Adi-Kent Thomas Jeffrey's *The Bermuda Triangle* (Warner). . . . Futurist Alvin Toffler looks beyond a mere Depression in *The Eco-Spasm Report*, sees possible collapse (Bantam, $1.50).

■ JUST OUT: Found: an optimist. Jerome Tuccille, 1974 Libertarian candidate for governor of New York, rubs his hands as he asks, *Who's Afraid of 1984?* (Arlington, $7.95). . . . Hugh Sidey did the text and Fred Ward took the pictures for *Portrait of a President*. Mr. Ford, that is (Harper, $12.95). . . . *Jennie*, by Peregrine Churchill and Julian Mitchell, is a life of Churchill's mother with emphasis on her letters (St. Martin's, $10). . . . *No Left Turns* is another of those kiss-and-tell books on the FBI by ex-agent Joseph L. Schott. It's published by Praeger; yes, Praeger used to publish for the CIA; but that seems to have ended when the cover was blown around 1967; so, no, it doesn't look like an Agency book ($7.95). . . . Neither, emphatically, is *Inside the Company*, the diary of renegade agent Philip Agee (Straight Arrow, $9.95).

John Osborne winds up *The Last Nixon Watch* (New Republic, $7.95). . . . Now it's Breslin with a Watergate tract, *How the Good Guys Finally Won* (Viking, $6.95). . . . James Dines categorizes the economic mess as *The Invisible Crash* (Random, $10.95). . . . Who can resist the titles Jack Douglas gives his books? Latest is *Benedict Arnold Slept Here: Jack Douglas' Honeymoon Mountain Inn* (Putnam, $7.95). . . . *NR* contributor Francis Russell anatomizes the 1919 Boston police strike in *A City in Terror*: stylishly, of course (Viking, $10). . . . *Alexander Dolgun's Story* is the memoir of a U.S. Foreign Service officer who was railroaded into the Gulag for nearly a decade (Knopf, $10). . . . Volume Two of D. Clayton James' *The Days of MacArthur* covers World War II (Houghton, $15).

■ SPORTS BOOKS: Donald Honig recalls *Baseball When the Grass Was Real* (Coward, $12.50). . . . Lee Gutkind reports on the game as the ump sees it in *The Best Seat in Baseball, But You Have to Stand!* (Dial, $7.95). . . . Don Carter urges you to try *Bowling the Pro Way* (Viking, $5.95). . . . John Thorn assembles *A Century of Baseball Lore* (Hart, paper, $1.95). . . . *Encyclopedia of Golf* gives you pictures along with the words for your thirty bucks (Viking). . . . *Sign 'Em Up, Bucky* is by one of the new breed of sports agent, Bucky Woy (Hawthorne, $8.95). . . . *The Family Tennis Book*, by John and Angie Newcombe, is just that (Quadrangle, $8.95).

context we would not ordinarily connect with the originals. Davenport's announced thematic intention is to juxtapose antiquity with the present world, thus to alter our perceptions of both. His characters and their situations are chosen with this end in mind. The results are ingenious and sometimes impressive, yet uneven. One problem is a flamboyance of texture, a macaronic explosion of languages by which the reader is often overwhelmed. Another (and related) difficulty is with allusion, a tiresome Eliotic wealth of references and refractions back and forth in time which are part of the author's consideration of history but simultaneously tend to hide from our view the modest threads of narrative they are supposed to reinforce. Finally, there is a question of proportion—of decorum and the formal interaction of the parts. But these inclusive observations emerge from consideration of particular works. And toward such discretions this commentary must turn before judgment can be rightfully given.

Of these unusual compositions, I admire most "1830" and "Herakleitos." The former is an imagination of Edgar Allan Poe in old Russia. The Virginian appears in character, engaging in little but talk: pseudophilosophical conversation punctuated by intimations of high, "cosmic" verse. But since it is Poe (or his equivalent) who is visiting this princely Russian family, the inconclusiveness of their encounter is not in the least unexpected. "1830" is a cold story and its Poe a near revenant who dreams of distant fire. The impression of the old Ephesian pre-Socratic in "Herakleitos" is in one sense its opposite. The visit is warm and successful. Here Davenport's gifts as poet and classical scholar come together, style matches form, and the conversation brings the philosopher and his world to life.

Also of obvious worth is "Robot," an account of how a little dog led French boys to discover a treasure of prehistoric cave paintings. The author's genuine feeling for the archaic, an empathy which at its best restrains and channels the effulgence of his learning, quietly informs this story and moves it toward a revelation not often rendered in any artistic medium. But, as I said before, Davenport's various abilities do not always cooperate so well together. Indeed the remainder of the tales in his collection are most seriously flawed.

THE TITLE story, once again, has its points—has them despite a wild interiority and abrupt, impressionistic flow. Davenport's Tatlin alludes to an historic personage, an engineer/ Marxist/sculptor who was painfully unable to reconcile these identities. As in most of these stories, the result is an image of an exceptional man—one who allows his creator to display his massive erudition. Tatlin, in the disappointment of his competing futurisms, comes to misfortune. Likewise his creator's literature, his philosophy, and his classical scholarship. Or so it seems, there and in "The Aeroplanes at Brescia," a narrative of Kafka and Max Brod at a 1907 exhibition. It is not reasonable to protest the poet's tears at this movement into modernity, or Tatlin's Daedalian flights of mind and spirit into the Marxist dream. But an excess of mannered chiaroscuro tessellations, fleeing round and round in one small, overcrowded fictional compass, raises the other and strictly formal question. We are on the edge of surfeit, in the vicinity of Swinburne, and not so close to genuine innovation as we at first believed.

In "The Dawn in Erewhon" the journey is complete. Davenport's Adriaan van Hovendaal is a Dutch philosopher. He is the author of very specialized and complex works, and also a conscious pagan. There should be some interest in him. Yet his meditations and sexual adventures become in the end tedious. The tale is too long, too overwrought. And if Adriaan's summer's lark has something to do with an announced Fourierism and assorted other lore, we are tired of asking what it is long before the frolicking is done. The villain here is the same self-conscious (and self-defensive), arcane, and precious quality which almost ruined some of the other stories. Adriaan reeks of an attitude fashionable fifty years

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ago. Once Davenport eschews the imitation of Pound and Eliot (and thus of their *fin de siècle* fathers), things will go better. Once he puts first things first. The evidence of *Tatlin!* proves that he knows how. □

The Clockwork Testament, or Enderby's End
By Anthony Burgess
Knopf, 161 pp., $6.95

A POET FOR POSTERITY

CHARLES NICOL

Anthony Burgess often seems to be the only living novelist in England. Master of many languages, many dialects of English, and of music (he is also a composer), Burgess is heir to much knowledge and much wit; always totally informed and rarely overburdened, his prose changes directions perpetually because its author knows more possibilities for a sentence than Judge Sirica. He has kept a great tradition alive, and honored his literary father by editing an abridged *Finnegans Wake* and writing two books on Joyce. But unless *Napoleon Symphony* (which I haven't read) is it, Burgess has never written a great novel. Even *A Clockwork Orange* is burdened by his heavy-handed, two-handed symmetry. Yet in language and the faceted shattering of novelistic situations only Nabokov is his master, and only Burgess is in Nabokov's league.

The Clockwork Testament is the third, final novel about his most charming character, Enderby (in the United States, the first two were published together as *Enderby*). Enderby is a poet, a lovably helpless genius with comically obnoxious habits, a willing victim of his own viscera. Just as the first volume was titled *Inside Mr. Enderby* to denote both his mental processes and his indigestion, this third book's subtitle, *Enderby's End*, indicates both the death and the anality of its hero. Other people may "breathe their last," but Enderby seems to excrete rather than expire. The visitors from the future who find his naked, hairy, gross body after his final heart attack observe first that it has been "incontinent." And no poet has ever trumpeted his existence in such uncertain terms; just as Zoltan Kodaly's beautiful *Hary Janos Suite* begins with the musical equivalent of a sneeze, the first Enderby book begins with a belch, and flatulence ends its first paragraph. *The Clockwork Testament* takes twenty pages to get that far again, but then Enderby's inner violence is extraordinary: "baark ballifoll goristafick." A poet for posterity.

Still, Enderby's innocence makes all this seem comic rather than offensive. Somewhere between a holy fool and an *idiot savant*, Enderby reminds us most of Luzhin, the chess genius of Nabokov's *The Defense*. Like Nabokov, Burgess ridicules the Freudian, determinist view of the artist as a product of neurosis by seeming to make Enderby's anal obsessiveness the central motivation of his character, and then emphasizing it cruelly and absurdly until the reader is forced to admit that is not the point, not the point at all. And Burgess writes by Nabokov's code (the code of any responsible writer): if your character is a genius, you must show samples of his work. Enderby's poems (usually stored in his bathtub) are dense, almost totally obscure configurations of beautiful words. Of course, most people find all decent poetry to be this obscure, and we are at least temporarily convinced that the future might find here something memorable. However, the long poem left uncompleted at Enderby's death is not as convincing as some earlier examples.

That long poem, a debate between Augustine and Pelagius, presents the argument over free will and determinism in theological terms; Burgess opts for free will. *A Clockwork Orange* had made the point more forcefully: if the reader was shocked by the brutality of Alex and his teenaged gang, he was horrified by the social, Pavlovian, Skinnerian conditioning that turned Alex into a zombie, a shell, a clockwork orange. The sympathetic treatment of Alex in Stanley Kubrick's film outraged many viewers, but the only real distortion in the film was that Alex's superviolence appeared grotesquely glamorous. As its title indicates, Burgess has used his latest Enderby book as a vehicle to make a statement about *A Clockwork Orange*: he thought the film was good, but lush in its treatment of sexual brutality; while he recognized his book in it, the film was a separate work for which he was not responsible. Leave me alone, I didn't do it.

Putting himself into his novel this way is droll of our author, but in terms of Enderby's character it seems gratuitous. He didn't start out as an autobiographical disguise. Still, there is strong continuity with the earlier books; for instance, we finally get the recipe for "stepmother's tea." And installing Enderby in New York City does allow Burgess to comment on teenage gangs, college students, women's lib, TV talk shows—all the crudities of America. If the urge toward autobiographical justification is at Enderby's expense, that price is still worth paying, for Enderby's hallucinatory experiences in New York between heart attacks are invaluable. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: THE INEVITABILITY OF CAPRICE AND MISTAKE, *by Charles L. Black Jr. (Norton, 96 pp., $5.95/$1.95).* Yes, it is obvious they are inevitable. Professor Black proves it, however, with supererogatory elegance, and amplifies it impressively. But one wishes he would either eliminate or support his obiter dicta: he is "revolted" by the death penalty, "just as I am revolted by the idea of poisoning for money." Why? Is it really intolerable to kill the occasional criminal who deserves less? Yes, or probably so, if (as Black assumes) the extent of penalty is, so to speak, up to us. No, or not necessarily, if (as Burke puts it) the execution of justice should appear as submission to necessity, rather than the making of a choice. In a word, *not* killing certain people, whatever our revulsion, may be a dereliction of our duty. I propose, at the least, capital sentences with automatic commutation to life without parole, as a ceremonial way of imposing the community's ultimate censure.
M. J. SOBRAN JR.

BOBBY FISCHER VS. THE REST OF THE WORLD, by *Brad Darrach (Stein and Day, 240 pp., $7.95).* Mr. Darrach's work on Bobby Fischer suffers from a shallowness and superficiality common to his species of seedy popularization. From his considerable knowledge of the facts surrounding Fischer's ascent to the world chess championship, attained while he was covering Bobby as a *Life* reporter, he selects those which depict this chess genius as psychotic rather than neurotic. He does indeed present this picture in an absorbing fashion, unusually absorbing for a 240-page *Life* article. The reader who wishes to examine a weird, chessplaying automaton may find himself fascinated. One who wishes objectivity should read this book with skepticism. EUGENE B. MEYER

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

An Appeals Court Decision.

Unless government safeguards its own capacity to function and to preserve the security of its people, society itself could become so disordered that all rights and liberties would be in danger.

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COXE

(Continued from page 509)

many who had assumed that Canada had limitless reserves of cheap oil.

However, the Syncrude salvation is not the complete answer to Canada's problems. It still seems unlikely that other Tar Sands projects will proceed, because the oil companies doing preliminary work on their leases have stated that even with the special tax concessions Syncrude received, and the injection of government loan capital, it will be a marginal project at best. Projects started hereafter will cost more because of Canada's continuing inflation, and there is little chance that they will be economic. Scratch 300 billion barrels of oil from North America's potential reserves. As far as production of conventional crude and natural gas is concerned, the cutback in exploration has already had serious results. With Canadian drilling crews now working from Louisiana to the North Sea to Indonesia, no immediate return to their homeland is in prospect. In the near term, this means that Canada may have to cut off not only oil exports but gas exports as well. The State Department has already leaked to the press its view that any Canadian cutoff of gas exports now guaranteed under long term contracts would mean swift and devastating American retaliation, including embargoes on the American coal that sustains the Canadian steel industry.

What is needed now is a meeting between Canadian and American officials to review Canadian energy reserves and see how they can best and most swiftly be maximized. Nothing will be accomplished if the Americans decline to comment on the reason for the shortage —federal and provincial taxation policies. Ordinarily, it is considered unstatesmanlike to comment on another country's tax policies, but this artificial shortage that will hurt not only Canada but eight northern American states as well warrants some frank talk from Washington.

Unless the industry gets a fairer share of today's production revenues and a commitment that rules will not be rewritten for some years, the outlook is for a continuing decline in Canadian production of oil and gas. The chart shows the impact of increased taxes and royalties on a typical large oil producer in Alberta. (The statistics would be worse on production in the other provinces, but Alberta has a Progressive-Conservative government that supposedly respects private rights. Since the estimate shown for 1976 would generate $2 billion in revenues for Alberta, compared with $328 million two years ago, the government's claim to respect from conservatives is tenuous.) Although it may appear that a producer is much better off with $10 oil than $3.80 oil, two factors should be noted: first, because of inflation and the high cost of frontier drilling, a much higher net return is needed to replace current production, and second, the 57 cents of federal tax in 1973 would have been payable only in part, if at all, by most producers: the generous deferred tax provision under then existing law permitted producers to plough back profits into further exploration without cash tax payment. The new law sharply increases the percentage of tax liability that must be paid immediately, so the real gain in cash flow is less than shown.

Congress, which landed heavily on U.S. oil companies in the new tax bill, might better have considered the Canadian experience. If shortsighted tax laws can create a shortage here where none existed, one wonders what they will do to a nation already relying on imports for a large percentage of its energy requirements. □

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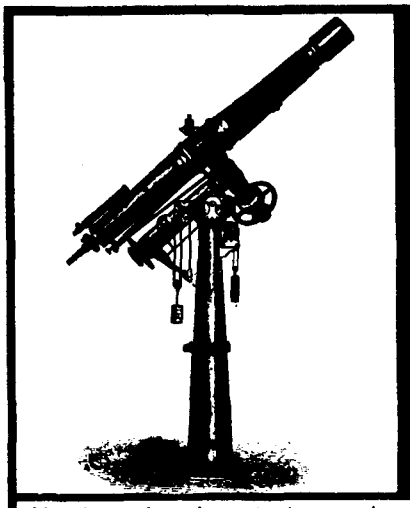

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

No Breast-Beating?

New York, April 22—The cliché of the day is "stop the recriminations!" That is one of several inflections, another being "stop the breast-beating!"—which is the title of a sermon by George W. Ball in the current issue of *Newsweek*, wherein he gives us a lesson on how to stop the breast-beating. You begin by ignoring treaties made by the United States, ignoring any responsibility by the United States for living up to the terms of the treaties. You add a long list of complaints against the sloth and mismanagement of any Oriental who was ever dumb enough to be on our side in opposing Communism in Asia, and before you know it, you not only have stopped breast-beating, you are looking around the hall expecting the adulation of all the peoples of the world.

Mr. Ball, who was Under Secretary of State under JFK and LBJ, and who took us into the Southeast Asian mess without giving any thought to the consequences of fighting it the way they chose to fight it, was not quite so talkative back when he was the second man in the State Department. Now he writes from his seat in Lehman Brothers that "once we withdrew our soldiers and our bombers, it was inevitable that the house of cards [in Vietnam] would come tumbling down." I don't remember his saying that at the time, and I wonder why not? Was he on a mission for Lehman Brothers that gagged him? Was he out of communication with *Newsweek* magazine? Clairvoyants should practice their gift while it is still useful, rather than discover it retrospectively. The alternative is to expect a certain amount of breast-beating and recrimination.

WE ARE all being asked to believe that there was something on the order of manifest destiny working for the North Vietnamese. That they really "owned" South Vietnam, in the same sense that the early Americans owned California. To get California we had to claw our way past a few Indians, and snooker the Mexicans into one of the great land grabs of the nineteenth century. But what was hardest about acquiring California was things like scaling mountains and crossing deserts and laying railroad lines.

What was hard about taking South Vietnam was—people. About 16 million people who were 80 per cent opposed to living under the rule of the North. Eighty per cent is slightly better than the number of Americans who sided with George Washington in the Revolutionary War. The will to resist was there, and for all the talk of South Vietnamese pusillanimity and disorganization and graft, you will find that a far higher percentage of them died or were wounded in the war than Frenchmen defending themselves against Hitler. The military mistakes of General Thieu cannot have been worse than those of the succession of generals appointed by President Lincoln until he happened upon a Ulysses Grant. The notion that Abraham Lincoln was more successful than Thieu in bringing the political opposition into his tent is chauvinism of the worst sort: it is ignorance. If George Washington, leaning as he did on critical help from the French, had been dealt with as we finally dealt with the South Vietnamese, we would have lost that war, General Washington would have been hanged, and George Ball would now be giving us his instructions in an English accent.

If it was so obvious to Ball, one of the two or three most conspicuous Democratic mouthpieces in matters of foreign policy, that the Treaty of Paris was a phony, he should there and then have denounced it. It was certainly a mistake of President Nixon not to have insisted that Congress there and then either accept or reject responsibility for enforcing the terms of the Treaty, which Henry Kissinger would never have initialed had he anticipated the rout in Congress from the implicit responsibility of the principal sponsor of that accord—the United States. We talk about how the South Vietnamese have run. At least they did so under the pressure of Russian tanks. Congress ran under the pressure of moral fatigue. I'd sooner, fighting for my life, do so in the company of 15 South Vietnamese soldiers, than of the 15 members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. □

FORD'S SPEECH *New York,* April 20—It becomes obvious about three minutes into the speech that we are going to lose not only South Vietnam and Cambodia, but also President Ford. The Congress' haunting silence, during the periods when Mr. Ford advanced his practical proposals; the faint applause that greeted his statement that America must stand by its commitments—all suggested that the President would be listened to, and then promptly denied.

MR. FORD made several errors. The speech was painfully long, and so copiously comprehensive, we began to wonder whether it would end before the President reminded us of the need for more bicycle paths. There was the strange omission: after talking with some fervor about the importance of Europe (with which we have "never" had stronger relations), he mysteriously omitted any mention whatever of Portugal. *Hamlet* without the Prince. In a speech essentially idealistic, he made one forthright bribe. Unless the Congress repeals the Jackson Amendment, he said, the President could not continue in a fruitful relationship with the Soviet Union, any deterioration in which threatens apocalypse—and, the lips of the businessman were now moving, "$8 billion" of "economic opportunities." Other nations, he told us, rushed to provide the Soviet Union with the credit she desires. In doing so, he implied, they got $8-billion worth of business we might have gotten. The point would better have been left silent.

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It is unpretty, in a world in which we are a relative oasis of economic health, to show one's greed for, and resentment of, such economic trade arrangements as other nations have achieved. To be sure, there is always the underlying suspicion, in a Congress that reflects the American mood, that in any trade deal with the Soviet Union we are sure to get fleeced, as in the wheat deal. I must look into the question why the strongest anticapitalist country in the world beats the strongest capitalist country in the world at the trading table, time after time.

If there is a presumptive answer, it was furnished by the appalling contradiction in President Ford's speech, which gave the listener that awful sense of philosophical futility you get when you see a child struggling to put a square peg into a round hole.

THE CRISIS that brought Ford to Congress, after all, was Indochina. Mr. Ford said that "after years of effort" we "negotiated a settlement . . . with pride." And that this settlement would have guaranteed stability in the ravaged area, and a heightened U.S. prestige translatable into a stabler and more peaceful world. Then, he said, North Vietnam, "flagrantly disregarding" the terms of the treaty, resumed the offensive. This they could do by using large quantities of materials supplied by "their friends." Meanwhile the Congress was engaged in stripping the Executive of the power to provide complementary help or to aid in the resistance.

Thus far, we note, he referred indirectly to the People's Republic of China and to the Soviet Union merely as the "friends" of North Vietnam. A little later in the speech he became more direct. He referred to the same countries, in the context of the Indochinese situation, as "our adversaries."

Then—and this was the lollapalooza—the President, looking Congress in the face, said: "We cannot expect the Soviet Union to show restraint in the face of irresolution." And became positively threatening: "We will not permit detente to become a license to fish in troubled waters."

Is that so? Well, how is President Ford going to stop them? If he thinks he's going to get the military aid for Vietnam, he is a terribly uninformed politician. But there are things he can do, and I would like to see Congress in turn stand up and give him a speech. And say: "You don't need our authority to address the message you have just given to us, to our adversaries, as you call them. Tell them: 'Your continued aggressive activity, in contradiction to your pledged words, in Indochina; your attempts at disruption in Portugal; your persistently anti-Western rhetoric and subversion in the Third World, make a mockery of detente. Accordingly, I, President Ford, acting on my own authority, am withdrawing from the European Security Conference, putting off the implementations of the Vladivostok Agreement, and postponing indefinitely my visit to China.' "

Mr. Ford wants Congress to act tough while Ford, speaking to "our adversaries," acts soft. Congress should—no question about it—do what Ford asks in Indochina. But he had no right to expect that Congress would: so he ended by, mostly, consuming unnecessarily an hour of our time, and encouraging the Communist world precisely to count on American irresolution. □

GALLUP ON CHILE

New York, April 25—How are things going in Chile? Normally one answers such questions by making one's own judgments, and sometimes these are more reliable than the judgments of the indigenous population. Drop down anywhere in China in a parachute and ask the first person you see: "What do you think of Mao Tse-tung?" and the likelihood is that he will compare Mao to the rising sun, the North Star, and the Milky Way. But that is a triumph of 25 years of the most systematic psychological engineering in the history of mankind, accomplished by a combination of terror, killing, paternalism, and myth.

In other lands, you cannot find out what are the opinions of the native population for reasons as simple as that they are afraid to give truthful answers. In a recent press conference Solzhenitsyn expressed himself as amused and infuriated by American correspondents who corner Soviet citizens and ask them what they think of the government—when to answer frankly would mean that the KGB agent following the foreign correspondent would mark down the name of the bourgeois-symp, and perhaps send him out to cool his ardor for the West in Siberia for a few years.

A lot of wild things have been said about post-Allende Chile. And a lot of gruesome things have happened in post-Allende Chile. But no one alleges that Chile has been totalitarianized in the sense that the Soviet Union or China has been. By these standards, Chile is an uproariously free country. By our standards, it is anything but that: a country in which the secret police still engage in torture and spirit away enemies of the regime for months at a time. But Americans continue to be substantially ignorant of the horrors of the Allende years, the politicization of the entire country, the venom of the fratricidal wars, the bitterness left by the paralysis of the country and the 3,000 per cent inflation. Revolutions are usually ugly. So are counterrevolutions. The question to ask is: are things headed in the right direction?

Recently the Chilean government, presumably knowing, quite rightly, that any poll conducted by one of its own agencies testifying to the bliss of the Chilean population would not be taken seriously, went to the Gallup organization to conduct such a poll. The poll was conducted: and, as far as I can see, has been widely ignored—mostly because it tends to interrupt the lucubrations of American opinionmakers bent on saying only unpleasant things about the government of Chile.

The Gallup investigation was launched by the Gallup-Uruguay Organization, which is Gallup's supervised auxiliary for Latin America. One assumes that it is required to maintain the same standards used by Gallup in polling Americans.

In Chile today, 64 per cent of the people believe that they are better off than they were on September 11, 1973, the last day of Allende's rule. Only 13 per cent of the Chilean people believe they are worse off. That preponderance emerges from every demographic group, including old and young, rich and poor, professional and blue collar, northerner and southerner.

As to the future, 73 per cent of the Chilean people believe that conditions are continuing to improve. Only 11 per cent believe they are deteriorating. (An interesting contrast is in America, where a far higher percentage believes that things are getting worse.) Among laborers and farmers, over 80 per cent believe that their living conditions are improving and that they will continue to improve. This fact must be especially galling to the Allende sycophants who believe that he was a friend of the lower class in Chile.

Three out of four Chileans are satisfied with the medical attention they receive and 82 per cent with the education they are receiving.

MOST SIGNIFICANT, in my judgment, is the apparent elation generally felt over the reduction in political action. Allende managed to ideologize everything. The overwhelming majority list the accomplishments of the present government as a) order and justice; b) peace and security, and c) depoliticization. They find President Pinochet a man with "new ideas," "modern" in outlook (65 per cent; 9 per cent consider him a traditionalist). They find him (68 per cent) practical rather than an ideologue (7 per cent). And the great majority of the Chilean people pronounce themselves willing to make sacrifices to overcome the past. Only 20 per cent say they have sacrificed enough.

The figures are arresting. And would suggest that President Pinochet should liberalize his regime: do what he can to apply sandpaper to the abrasive points. Quite apart from the fact that they are intrinsically objectionable, they are, apparently, unnecessary. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Everything was jake when he saw a man give this up for a pot of message — 118 131 158 203 167 175 191 185 88 43

B. A special levy on business during World War II — 128 22 39 56 80 96 189 202 154 140 / 165 180 207

C. U. S. railway completed in 1883 — 182 1 30 105 164 187 120 125 129 171 / 192 46 82 92 151

D. A person having legal permission to sell liquor — 198 184 49 12 78 177 193 116

E. Consumption of this raises revenue but also costs the government money — 204 14 110 50 186 213 67

F. A turkey developed in Rhode Island; an extinct breed of American horses — 211 18 33 64 73 104 21 112 139 145 / 85 152

G. Levies that are regressive as well as nuisances — 222 95 9 209 113 52 66 45 69 153

H. A tennis and playing cards term — 99 215 119 161 221

I. Town south of Columbus, Ohio — 13 79 98 3 8 26 37

J. Nickname for a U. S. Marine — 101 6 61 107 127 135 147 196 206 220 / 55

K. Otherwise — 109 15 163 168

L. WIN SHARP PEPPER — 214 91 181 136 146 157 169 93 2 195 / 217 17 36 57

M. This type of battle can get you into trouble — 86 148 71 87 100 62 173 188

N. A river in France — 106 121 156 63

O. This feature of the national income tax is extraconstitutional — 5 11 29 74 84 23 47 51 54 159 / 27

P. What too many trashy books, plays, and films are — 137 59 34 117 149 200 219 38 70 89 / 103 166

Q. An inexpensive lodging for juvenile travelers — 4 141 178 126 183 134 32 97 143 201 / 212

R. A regressive form of taxation — 24 7 28 124 48 53 76 122 132 150 / 155 160 170 16

S. Manana — 25 40 60 102 218 190 111 72

T. A wasting away of the skin or of any part of it — 44 20 68 83 31 108 81 123 133 142 / 115 58

U. Medical treatment by the application of certain woods to the body — 172 19 179 199 35 144 42 130 210 94 / 138

V. Surpass — 176 205 90 75 162 197

W. Parts of baseball box scores — 194 114 41 208 77 216 65 10 174

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 522 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 C	2 L	3 I	4 Q		5 O	6 J	7 R	8 I	9 G	10 W		11 O	12 D	13 I	14 E
15 K	16 R		17 L	18 F	19 U		20 T	21 F	22 B	23 O	24 R		25 S	26 I	27 O		28 R	29 O	30 C
31 T	32 Q	33 F	34 P	35 U	36 L		37 I	38 P	39 B	40 S	41 W	42 U		43 A	44 T	45 G		46 C	47 O
	48 R		49 D	50 E	51 O	52 G		53 R	54 O	55 J	56 B		57 L	58 T	59 P		60 S	61 J	62 M
63 N	64 F	65 W	66 G	67 E		68 T	69 G	70 P	71 M		72 S	73 F	74 O	75 V	76 R		77 W	78 D	79 I
	80 B	81 T		82 C	83 T	84 O	85 F	86 M		87 M	88 A	89 P	90 V	91 L		92 C	93 L		94 U
95 G	96 B	97 Q	98 I	99 H		100M	101J	102S	103P	104F		105C	106N		107J	108T	109K		110E
111S	112F	113G	114W	115T	116D	117P		118A	119H	120C	121N	122R	123T		124R	125C		126Q	127J
128B		129C	130U	131A	132R	133T		134Q	135J		136L	137P	138U	139F		140B	141Q	142T	
143Q	144U	145F		146L	147J	148M	149P	150R	151C	152F	153G		154B	155R		156N	157L	158A	159O
160R	161H	162V	163K		164C	165B	166P	167A	168K	169L		170R	171C	172U	173M	174W		175A	176V
177D	178Q	179U	180B		181L	182C		183Q	184D	185A	186E	187C	188M		189B	190S	191A	192C	193D
194W		195L	196J	197V		198D	199U	200P	201Q	202B		203A	204E	205V	206J	207B		208W	209G
210U	211F		212Q	213E	214L	215H	216W		217L	218S	219P	220J	221H	222G					

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